

THE
Historie of Troylus
and Cresseida.

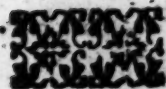
Ann. Dyson

*As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties
seruants at the Globe.*

*Edited
perfect.*

*Written by William Shakespeares
amangst his wr. lyes*

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The history of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*:

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troy. **C** All heere my varlet, Ile vname againe,
Why should I warre without the walls of Troy:
That finde such cruell battell here within,
Each Troyan that is maister of his heart,
Let him to field *Troilus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are strong and skilfull to their strength
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse valiant,
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then sleepe; sonder then ignorance,
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skillelesse as vnpractiz d infancyr

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this; for my part ile
not meddle nor make no farther; hee that will haue a cake
out of the wheate must tarry the grynding.

Tro. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grindin; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pande. I the boulting; but you must tarry the leaueing.

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leaueing, but heares yet in the word here-
after, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating the
ouen, and the baking, nay you must stay the cooling too, or
yea may chance burne your lippes.

Troy. Pacience bet selfe, what Goddess ere she be,
Doth lesse blench at suffrance then I do:

At *Priams* royall table do I sit

And when faire *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,
So traitor then she comes when she is thence.

Pand. Well shee lookt yesternight fairer then euer I saw her
looke, or any woman els.

Tro. I was about to tell thee when my heart,

As wedged with a sigh would rive in twaine,
Least *Hektor* or my father should perceiue mee:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a stone)
Burned this sigh in wrinkle of a smile,
But sorrow that is coucht in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth face turnes to suddaine sadnesse.

Pan. And her haire were not some-what darker then *Helenus*, well go to, there were no more comparison betweene the women! but for my part she is my kinswoman, I would not as they tearme it praise her, but I would som-body had heard her talke yester-day as I did, I will not dispraise your sister *Cassandras* wit, but-----

Troy. Oh *Pandarus* I tell thee *Pandarus*,
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd
Reply not in how many sadnesse deepe,
They lie indrench'd, I tell thee I am madde:
In *Cressids* loue? thou answerst she is faire,
Powrest in the open vicer of my heart:
Her eyes, her haire her cheek, her gate, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse: O that her hand
In whose comparison all whites are ynke
Writing their owne reproch; to whose soft seisure,
The cignets downe is harsh, and spirit of sencer
Hard as the palme of plow-man; this thou tellst me,
As true thou tellst me, when I say I loue her,
But saying thus in steed of oyle and balme,
Thou layst in euery gash that loue hath giuen mee
The knife that made it.

Pan. I sprake no more then truth:

T. oy. Thou dost not speake so much.

Pan. Faith Ile not meddle in it, let her bee as shee is, if she bee faire tis the better for her, and shee bee not, she has the merends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*, how now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I haue had my labur for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought of you, gon betwene and betwene, but sma'll thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan.

of *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

Pan. Because she's kin to me therefore shee's not so faire
as *Hellen*, and she were kin to me, she would be as faire a Fri-
day as *Hellen*, is on Sunday, but what I? I care not and shee
were a blackeamore, tis all one to mee.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, shee's a foole to
stay behinde her father let her to the Greekes, and so Ile tell
her the next time I see her for my part Ile meddle nor make
no more ith'matter.

Troy. Pandarus. *Pan.* Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to mee I will leane all as I
found it and there an end.

Exit.

Sound alarm.

Troy. Peace you vnracious clamors, peace rude sounds,
Foolles on both sides, *Hellen* must needes be faire,
When with your bloud you daylie paint her thus,
I cannot fight vpon this argument:
It is too staru'd a subiect for my sword,
But *Pandarus*: O gods! how do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Cressid*: but by *Pandarus*,
And he's as teachy to be wood to woe,
As she is stubborne, chafte, againe! all suite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* loue
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandarus*, and what we:
Her bed is *India* there she lies, a pearle,
Betweene our *Ilium*, and where shee reides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood:
Our selfe the Marchant, and this sayling *Pandarus*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our barke.

Alarm Enter Aeneas.

Aeneas. How now prince *Troilus*, wherefore not a field.

Troy. Because not there: this womans answer sorts,
For woman it is, to be from thence.

What newes *Aeneas* from the field to day?

Aeneas. That *Paris* returned home and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Aeneas*?

Aeneas. *Troilus* by *Meneleus*.

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed th but a scar to scorne,
Paris is got d with *Meneleus* horne. *Alarum.*

Eur. Harke what good sport is out of towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the sport abroad are you bound thither?

Eur. In all swift hast.

Troy. Come goe wee then together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cressid and her man.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cres. And whether goe they?

Man. Vp to the *Eastern* tower,
Whose hight commands as subiect all the vails,
To see the battell: *Hector* whose patience,
Is as a vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
Hee chid *Andrimache* and strooke his armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in warre
Before the Sunne rose, hee was harness't hye,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it foresawe,
In *Hectors* wrath. *Cres.* What was his cause of anger,

Man. The noise goes this, there is amonge the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian-bloud, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Alex.* *Cres.* Goodly and what of him,

Man. They say hee is a very man *per se* and stands alone.

Cres. So do all men vnlesse the are dronke, sicke, or haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular addicions; hee is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish as the Beare, slowe as the Elephant: a man into whome nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crush't into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man his attaine, but he carries some staine of it. Hee is melancholy without cause and merry against the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briarrose*, many hands, & no use; of purblind *Hyacinth*, and eyes, and no sight.

Cres.

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Cres. But how should this man that makes me smile, make
Hektor angry.

Man They say hee yesterday cop't *Hektor* in the battell
and stroke him downe, the disdain and shame whereof
hath ever since kept *Hektor* fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here.

Man Maddam your vnckle *Pandarus*.

Cres. *Hektor* a gallant man.

Man As may bein the world Lady.

Pand. Whats that? whats that?

Cres. Good morrow vnckle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow cozen *Cressida*: what doe you talke of?
good morrow *Alexander*: how doe you cozen? when were
you at Illium?

Cres. This morning vnckle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? was *Hektor*
arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium, *Hellen* was not vp
was she? *Cres.* *Hektor* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?

Pan. Eene so, *Hektor* was stirring early.

Cres. That were wee talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he saies here.

Pan. True hee was so; I know the cause to, heele lay about
him to day I can tel them that, & ther's *Troilus* wil not come
farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troilus*: I can tell
them that too.

Cres. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cres. Oh *Jupiter* ther's no comparison.

Pan. What not betweene *Troilus* and *Hektor*? do you know
a man if you see him?

Cres. I, if I euer saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cres. Then you say as I say, for I am sure hee is not *Hektor*.

Pan. No nor *Hektor* is not *Troilus* in some degrees.

Cres. Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.

Pan. Himselfe, alas poore *Troilus* I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not *Hektor*.

Pan. Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were him-
selfe,

selfe, well the Gods are above, time must friend or end well
Troilus well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector*
is not a better man then *Troilus*.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pand. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pand. Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another
tale when th'others come too't, *Hector* shall not have his
will this yeare.

Cres. He shall not neede it if he have his owne.

Pand. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter,

Pand. Nor his beautie.

Cres. I would not become him, his own's better.

Pand. You have no iudgement neece; *Helen* her selfe
swore th'other day that *Troilus* for a browne favour (*for so*
tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

Cres. No, but browne.

Pand. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pand. She praised his complexion about *Paris*.

Cres. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

Pand. So he has.

Cres. Then *Troilus* should have too much, if shee praised
him about, his complexion is higher then this, hee
having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaring
a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Helen*'s golden
tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pand. I sweare to you I thinke *Helen* loves him better then

Cres. Then shee's a merry grecke indeed.

(*Paris*.)

Pand. Nay I am sure shee dooeth, she came to him th'other
day into the compass window, and you know hee has not
past three or foure haire on his chinne.

Cres. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring
his particulars therein to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three
pound lifte as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cres. Is he so yong a man, and so old a lifter.

Pand. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, shee
came and putt mee her white hand to his clowen chin.

Cres. I must have mercy, how came in clowen?

Pand.

of *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

Pan. Why, you know tis dimpled,
I thinke his tmyling becomes him better then any man in
all Phrigia. *Cres.* Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cres. Oh yes, and twere a clowd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen*
loues *Troilus*.

Cres. *Troilus* will stand to thee prooffe if youle prooue it so.

Pan. *Troilus*, why hee esteemes her no more then I e-
steeme an addle egge.

Cres. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle
head you would eate chickens ith shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she ticked
his chin, indeed shee has a marnel's white hand I must needs
confesse.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And shee takes vpon her to spie a white heare on
his chinne.

Cres. Alas poore chin many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing, *Queene Hector* laugh-
t hat her eyes ran ore.

Cres. With millstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire vnder the poe
of her eyes: did her eyes run ore to?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cres. At what was all this laughing.

Pan. Marry at the white heare that *Hellen* spied on *Tro-
ilus* chin.

Cres. And t'had beene a greene heare I should haue
laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the heare as at his pret-
ty answere.

Cres. What was his answere?

Pan. Quoth shee: heere's but two and fifty heires on your
chinne; and one of them is white.

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. Thats true, make no question of that, two and fifty
heires

heires quoth hee, and one white, that white heire is my fa-
ther, and all the rest are his sonnes, *Supier* quoth shee, which
of these heires is *Paris* my husband? she forked one quoth
he, pluckt out and gve it him; but there was such laughing,
and *Hel'en* so blushe, and *Paris* so chaste, and all the rest so
laught that it past.

Cres. So let it now for it has berne a great while going by.

Par. Wel dozen I could you a thing yatterday, think on't.

Cres. So I doe.

Par. Hee sworne tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a
man borne in Aprill.

Sound a reveille.

Cres. And Hee spring vp in his tears an'twere a nettles
gainst May.

Par. Hark they are coming from the field, shall we
stand vp here and see them as they passe toward. Ilion, good
Neece do, sweete Neece *Cressida*,

Cres. At your pleasure.

Par. Heere, here, here's an excellent place, here wee may
see most beauly, let tell you them all by their names, as they
passe by, but marke *Troilus* above the rest. *Enter Aeneas.*

Cres. Speake not so lowde.

Par. That *Aeneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of
the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but marke *Troilus*, you shal
see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Par. That *Antenor*, he has a throw'd wit I can tell you,
and hee's man good enough, hee's one o'ch soundest iudge-
ments in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of persop, when
comes *Troilus*, he shew you *Troilus* anon, if hee see me, you
shall see him nod at mee.

Cres. Will he gine you the nod?

Par. You shall see.

Cres. If he do the ritch shall haue more. *Enter Hector.*

Par. That *Hector*, that, that, looke you hee, ther's a fel-
low goe thy way *Hector*, ther's a braue man Neece. O braue
Hector, looke how hee lookes, ther's a countenance, is not a
braue man?

Cres. O a braue man, *Par.*

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Paris: Is it not? it dooes a mans heart good, looke you what
hacks are on his helmes, looke you yonder, do you see, looke
you there, theres no jessing, theres laying on, takt off, who will
as they say, there be hacks.

Cress. Be those with swords.

Enter Paris.

Paris: Swords, anything he cares not, and the diuell come to
him, its all one, by Gods lide it dooes ones heart good. Von-
der comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, looke yee yonder
Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not, why this is braue now,
who said he came hurt home to day. Hee's not hurt, why this
will do *Helenus* heart good now ha? would I could see *Troy-
lus* now, you shall see *Troylus* anon.

Cress. Whose that?

Enter Helenus.

Paris: Thats *Helenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, thats *He-
lenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day, thats *Helenus*.

Cress. Can *Helenus* fight vnicie?

Paris: *Helenus* no: yes heele fight indifferant, well, I maruell
where *Troylus* is; hark do you not here the people crie
Troylus? *Helenus* is a priest;

Cress. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Pander: Where? yonder? thats *Deiphobus*. Tis *Troylus*!
theres a man Neece, hem? braue *Troylus* the Prince of
chivaltie.

Cress. Peace for shame peace.

Paris: Marke him, note him: O braue *Troylus*, looke well
vpon him Neece, looke you how his sword is bloudied, and
his helme more hackt then *Hellors*, and how hee lookes, and
how hee goes? O admirable youth, hee neuer saw three and
twenty, go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a sifter were a
grace, or a daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choies,
O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant
Helenus to change would giue an eye to boote.

Cress. Here comes more.

Pa. Asses, fooles, douts, chaff & bran, chaff & bran, portedge
after meate, I could lye and die in the eyes of *Troylus*, nere
look

looke, nere looke, the Eagles are gonne, crows and dawes,
crows and dawes, I had rather bee such a man as *Troilus*,
then *Agamemnon* and all Greece.

Cres. There is amongst the Greekes *Achilles* a better
man then *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*, a dray-man, a porter, a very Cammell.

Cres. Well, well:

Pan. Well, well, why haue you any discretion, haue you
any eyes, doe you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty,
good shape, discourse, man-hood, learning, gentleness, ver-
tue youth, liberality and such like, the spice & salt that sea-
son a man.

Cres. I a minst man, and then to bee bak't with no date in
the pie, for then the mares date is out:

Pan. You are such a woman a man knowes not at what
ward you lie:

Cres. Vpon my backe to defend my bellie, vpon my wit
to defend my wiles, vpon my secrecy to defend mine honest-
ty, my maske to defend my beauty, and you to defend all
these: and at al these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay lie watch you for that; and thats one of the
chiefest of them two: If I cannot ward what I would not
haue hit: I can watch you for telling how I tooke the blowe
vnlesse it swell past hiding and then its past watching:

Pan. You are such another:

Enter Boy:

Boy. Sir my Lord would instantlie speake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne house there he vnarmes him:

Pan. Good boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt, fare ye
well good Neice:

Cres. Adiew vnder

Pan. I wilbe with you Neice by and by:

Cres. To bring vnder:

Pan. I a token from *Troilus*.

Cres. By the same token you are a Bawde,
Words, vowes, guifts, teares and loues full sacrificer:
He offers in anothers enterprize,
But more in *Troilus* thousand sculd I see,
Then in the glasse of *Panders* praise may bee:

Yet

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Yet hold I off: women are angels woiing,
„Things woone are done, joyes soule lies in the dooling,
That shee belou'd, knows naught that knows not this,
„Men price the thing vngaind more then it is,
That she was neuer yet that euer knew
Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue,
Therefore this maxim out of loue I teach;
„*Attachment is command; vngaind desire,*
Then though my hearts content firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*
Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Vlisses, Diomedes,
Meneclaus with others.

Ag. Princes: what grieve hath set these laundies ore your
The ample proposition that hope makes, (cheekes)
In all designs begun on earth below,
Failes in the promist largenesse, checks and disasters,
Grow in the vaines of actions highest reard,
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infects the sound Pine, and diuerts his graine,
Tortue and errant from his course of growth,
Nor Princes is it matter new to vs,
That we come short of our suppose so farre,
That after seauen yeares siege, yet Troy walls stand,
Sich euer action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue record, triall did draw,
Bias and thwart: not answering the ayne,
And that vn bodied figure of the thought,
That gau't surmised shape: why then you Princes,
Do you with cheekes abasht behold our workes,
And call them shames which are indeed naught else,
But the protractiue tryals of great loue,
To finde persistiue constancie in men,
The finenesse of which mettall is not found,
In fortunes loue: for then the bould and coward,
The wise and foole, the Arrist and vnread,
The hard and soft seeme all affyn'd and kin,
But in the winde and tempest of her frowne,
Distinction with a brest and powerfull fan,

Puffing at all, winnowes the light away,
And what hath inaffe or matter by it selfe,
Lyes rich in vertue and vnmingled.

Nestor. With due obseruance of the godlike seate,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
Thy latest words, In the reproofe of chance,
Lies the true prooffe of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boates dare saile,
Vpon her ancient brest, making their way
With those of nobler bulke?

But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold
The strong ribbd barke through liquid mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moylt elements,
Like *Perseus* horse, Where's then the sawcie boate,
Whose weake vntymberd sides but euen now
Corruald greatnesse? either to harbor fled,
Or made a tolle for *Neptune*: euen so
Doth valours shew, and valours worth deuide
In stormes of fortune; for in her ray and brightnesse
The heard hath more annoyance by the Bryze
Then by the Tyger, but when the splitting winde,
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And Flies fled vnder shade, why then the thing of courage,
As rouzd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in selfe same key,
Retires to chiding fortune.

Ulysses. *Agamemnon*,
Thou great Commander, nerves and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soule and onely spright,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut vp: heere what *Ulysses* speakes,
Besides th' applause and approbation,
The which most mighty (for thy place and sway
And thou most reuerend) for the stretcht out life,
I giue to both your speeches; which were such
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece,
Should hold vp high in brasse, and such againe

As venerable *Nessus* (hatcht in silver)
 Should with a bond of ayre strong as the Axel-tree,
 (On which heauen rides) knit all the Greekish eares
 To his experienc't tongue, yet let it please both
 Thou great and wise, to heare *Vlisses* speake,
 Troy yet vpon his bates had beene downe,
 And the great *Hectors* sword had lackt a master.
 But for these instances.
 The specialtie of rule hath beene neglected,
 And looke how many Grecian tents do stand,
 Hollow vpon this plaine, so many hollow fashions,
 When that the generall is not like the hieue,
 To whom the forragers shall all repaire,
 What honey is expected? Degree being visarded
 Th'vnworthiest shewes as fairly in the maske.
 The heauens them-solues, the plannets and this center
 Obserue degree, prioritie and place,
 In silture, course, proportion, season forme,
 Office and custome, in all line of order.
 And therefore is the glorious planet Sol.
 In noble emnence enthron'd and spherd,
 Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye,
 Corrects the influence of euill Planets,
 And posts like the Commandment of a King,
 Sans check to good and bad, But when the Planets,
 In euill mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents, what mutinie?
 What raging of the sea, shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors
 Diuert and crack, rend and deracinate,
 The vnicie and married calme of states
 Quite from their fixtue: O when degree is shakt,
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprise is sick, How could communities;
 Degrees in schooles, and brother-hoods in Cities,
 Peacefull commerce from deuidable shores;
 The primogenitie and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crownes, scepters, lawrell,
 But

But by degree stand in authentique place:
Take but degree away, vntune that string,
And haue what discord followes, each thing melts
In meere oppugnancie: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosomes higher then the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be Lord of imbecillitie,
And the rude sonne should strike his father dead.
Force should be right, or rather right and wrong,
(*Betweene whose en-lesse iarre Iustice recides*)
Should loose their names, and so should Iustice to?
Then every thing include it selfe in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite an vniuersall Woolfe,
(So doubly seconded with will and power)
Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,
And last eate vp himselfe.

Great *Agamemnon*,
This chaunce when degree is suffocate,
Followes the choaking.
And this neglect of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward with a purpose
It hath to chime. The generalls disdaind,
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick

Of his superior, growes to an enuious feauer
Of pale and bloudlesse emulation,
And 'tis this feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinnewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse stands not in her strength.
Nestor. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discouerd,
The feauer whereof all our power is sick.

Agamemnon. The nature of the sicknesse found *Ulysses*
What is the remedie?

Ulysses. The great *Achilles* whom opinion crowns,
The sinnow and the fore-hand of our hoste,
Hauing his care full of his ayrie suite,

Giues

of Troilus and Cressida.

Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
 Lies mocking our designs, with him *Patroclus* sits
 Vpon a lazie bed the linc-long day,
 Breakes scurrell iests,
 And with ridiculous and fillie action,
 Which (slanderer) the Imitation calls,
 He pageants vs. Some-time great *Agamemnon*,
 Thy topleffe deputacion he puts on,
 And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
 Lyes in his ham-string, and doth thinke it rich
 To heere the woodden dialling and found
 Twixt his stretch footing and the scroffollage,
 Such to be pitied and one-sided seeming,
 He acts thy greatnesse in. And when he speaks,
 Tis like a chime intending with termes vnquite,
 Which from the tongue of roaring *Troilus* drop,
 Would seeme hyperboles, as this is the stuffe
 The large *Achilles* on his prest bed telling,
 From his deepe chest laughs out a loud applause,
 Cries excellent: tis *Agamemnon* right,
 Now play me *Nestor* hem and stroke thy beard;
 As he being drest to some Oration,
 That's done, as neere as the extreme it ends
 Of paralels, as like as *Ulysses* and his wife
 Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent,
 Tis *Nestor* right: now play him me *Patroclus*,
 Arming to answer in a night alarme,
 And then forsooth the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of myrth, to cosse and spit,
 And with a palse fumbling on his gorger,
 Shake in and out the riuer, and at this sport
 Sir valour dyes, cries O enough *Patroclus*,
 Or giue me ribbs of Steele, I shall spin all
 In pleasure of my spleene, and in this fashion,
 All our abilities, guits, natures shapes,
 Seueralls and generalls of grace exact,
 Archiuelements, plots, orders, preuentions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce;

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C

Success

Success or losse, what is, or is not, strowes
As fluffe for these two to make paradoxes;

Nest. And in the imitation of these twaine;
Who as *Ulysses* sayes opinion crownes,
With an imperiall voyce many are infect;
Alex is growne selfe-wild, and beares his head
In such a reyne, in full to proud a place
As broad *Achilles*; keeps his Tent like him,
Makes furious fusts, rallies on our state of warre,
Bould as an Oracle, and sets *Therston*
A slaue, whose gall coynes standets like a mine,
To match vaine comparisons with durt,
To weaken our discredite, our exposure
How ranke furye rounde in with danger,

Ulysses. They take our pollicie, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdoms as no member of che warre,
Forshall presciency, and esteeme no act
But that of hand, the still and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands shall strike,
When finesse calls them on, and know by measure
Of their obseruance the enemies waight,
Why this hath not a finger diguile,
They call this bed-mocke, muppy, Closer warre,
So that the Ram that bitters downe the wall,
For the great twinge and rudenesse of his polle,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the furor of their follies
By reason guide his execution,

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse
Makes many *Thonis* sonnes,

Agam. What trumpet I looke *Mene*;
Mene. From Troy;

Agam. What would you sere our state;

Agam. Is this great *Agamemnon* I pray you?

Agam. Euen this,

Agam. May one that is a Herfild and a Prince;

Do a faire message to his Kingly eyes?

Agam. With surety strong crabb *Mene*;

Mene;

Fare

For all the Greeklis heads, which wish one voice,
Call *Agamemnon* head and generally;

Enr. Faire leave and large security, how may
A stranger to those most imperiall lookes,
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Enr. I; I aske that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush, (Phobus,
Modest as morning, when thee coldly eyes the youthfull
Which is that god, in office guiding men,
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*.

Agam. This Trojan scornes vs, or the men of Troy,
Are ciremonious Courtiers;

Enr. Courtiers as free as debonaire, vnarm'd
As bending Angels, that their fame in peace:
But when they would seeme soldiers, they haue galls,
Good armes, strong ioints, true sword, & great /ones accord
Nothing so full of heart: but peace. *Enr.*
Peace Trojan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthlesse of praise distaines his worth,
If that the praisd him-selfe bring the praise forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcends,

Agam. Sir you of Troy, tell you your selfe *Enr.*

Enr. I Greeke; that is my name.

Agam. Whats your affaires I pray you?

Enr. Sir pardon, tis for *Agamemnon*'s cares.

Agam. He heeres naught privately than comes from Troy.

Enr. Nor I from Troy come not as whisper with him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his eare,
To set his seat on that attentive beere,
And then to speake,

Agam. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnon*'s sleeping houte;
That thou shalt know Trojan he is awake,
Hee tels thee so himselfe.

Enr. Trumpet blowe aloud,
Send thy brasse voyce through all these lacin tents,

And every Queene of that tell her him & down
 What Troy meanes fairly, shall be spide lowe
 We have great *Agamemnon* here in Troy
 A Prince calld *Hector*, his father
 Who in his dull and long continued tues
 Is restle growne: He bad me take a Trumpet
 And to this purpose speake, Kings, Princes, Lords
 If there be one among the host of Grecke
 That holds his honour higher then his life
 And feeds his praise more then he fears his petill
 That knowes his ownnes, & knowes not his feare
 That loves his life more then in confession
 (With truant vowes to her owne lips he loves)
 And dare avow her beantie, and her worth
 In other armes then his to him this challenge
Hector in the name of Troy and of Grecke
 Shall make it good, & do his best to do it
 He hath a Lady, wife, fairer, yonger
 Then ever Grecke did doubt in his armes
 And will to morrow with his Trumpet call
 Mid-way betwene your tents and walls of Troy
 To rouse a Grecian that is much in love
 If any come, & take that honest love
 If none, heele say, that Troy will have yet
 The Grecian dames are full burnt, and the world
 The splinter of a Lance, such is the
Agam. This shall be to the last Lord's *Patience*
 If you of them have faith to fight, & find
 Well to them with hands, but we are soldiers
 And may that souldier a measure create
 That meanes not, hath no, & is not in love
 If then one is, or hath a meanes to be
 That one meetes *Hector* if none else find him
Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*, & his name
 When *Hector* shall see him, & he shall know
 But if there be not in our Grecian host
 A noble man that hath no sparke of fire
 To answer such a tale, & such a name
 He

He hide my sinet, that I might not be shamed,
And in my vambres, my valiant braver,
And meeting him tell him that my love is not so blind,
Was fairer then his grandam, and as chaste,
As may bee in the world, (his youth is flood)
He proue this trash with my three drops of blood.

Ans. Now heavens for this foul stinking of men's

Pls. Amen: faire Lord, I desire to see thee, your hand,
To our pavilion shall I lead you, say, I am not so blind,
Achilles shall have word of this in my hand,
So shall each Lord of Greece from rent to rent,
Your selfe shall scall with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a noble sonne.

Pls. Nestor. *Nestor.* What says *Pls.*

Pls. I have a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape;

Nestor. What is it?

Pls. Blame wedges the hard knot, the festerd peld;
That hath to this maturity blown up,
In ranke *Achilles*, must be now be croped,
Or shedding broode a nursery of like eult,
To over-bulk vs all.

Nestor. Well and how?
Pls. This shalling, that the gallant *Hector* lends,
How euer it is spread in generall name,
Relates in purpose eonly to *Achilles*.

Nestor. I see the purpose is perspicuous as substance,
Whose grosseness little characters sum up,
And in the publication make no shame,
But that *Achilles* wears his bitane, as barren,
As banks of Libya, though *Apollo* knowes
Tis dry enow; b) will with great speed of iudgement,
I with celerity finde *Hectors* purpose, pointing on him.

Pls. And wake him to the answer thinke you?

Nestor. Why tis most meete, who may you else oppose,
That can from *Hector* bring those honours off,
If not *Achilles*, though he be a sportfull combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells,
For here the *Troians* can do much more,

With their fin'it pallat, and trust to me *Ulysses*
Our imputation shalbe odly poiz'de
In this vilde action, for the successe,
Although perticuler shall giue a scantling
Of good or bad vnto the generall,
And in such *indures* (although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes) there is scene,
The baby figure of the gyant masse,
Of things to come at large: It is suppos'd
He that meetes *Hektor*, yssues from our choice,
And choice (being mutuall act of all our soules)
Makes merit her election, and doth boyle,
(As twere from forth vs all) a man distill'd
Out of our vertues, who mis-carrying,
What heart receiues from hence a conquering part,
To steale a strong opinion to them selues.

Ulyss. Giue pardon to my speech? therefore tis meete,
Achilles meete not *Hektor*, let vs like Marchants
First shew foule wares, and thinke perchance theile sell;
If not; the luster of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worse first: do not consent,
That euer *Hektor* and *Achilles* meet,
For both our honour and our shame in this, are dog'd with
two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes what are they?

Vliss. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hektor*
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent.

And it were better par:ch in Asitque Sunne,
Then in the pride and fault some of his eyes
Should he scape *Hektor* faire. If he were foild,
Why then we do our maine opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottry
And by deuise let blockish *Aiax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hektor*, among our selues,
Giue him allowance for the better man,
For that will phisick the great Myrmidon,
Who broyles in loud applause; and make him fall,

Hi,

of Troylus and Cressida.

His crest that prouder then blew his bands,
If the dull brainlesse *Aias* come safe off
Weele dresse him vp in voices, if he faile
Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
That we haue better men, but his or misse,
Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes
Aias imploy'd plucks downe *Achilles* plumes,
Nest, Now *Plisses* I begin to relish thy aduise,
And I will giue a taste thereof forthwith;
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight
Two curres shall tame each other, pride alone
Must arre the mastiffs on, as were a home. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aias and Thersites.

Aias. Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had bites, full, all ouer, generally. *Aias. Thersites.*

Ther. And those bites did run (say so), did not the general run then, were not that a borchy coro. *Aias. Dogge.*

Ther. Then would come some matter from him, I see none now.

Aias. Thou birchwolfs son canst thou not heare, feele then.

Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou mongrell beefe witted Lord.

Aias. Speake then thou vnsalted leauen, speake, I will beate thee into hanfornesse.

Ther. I shall sooner ralle thee into wit and holinesse, but I thinke thy horse will sooner cunne generation without booke, then thou learne praier without booke, thou canst strike canst thou? a red murrion ad thy Iades trickes.

Aias. Tede-foole? learne me the proclamation.

Ther. Dooft thou thinke I haue no sence thou strikest mee thus? *Aias.* The proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd foole I thinke.

Aias. Do not Porpentin, do not, my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foote, and I had the scratching of the, I would make thee the lothsomest scab in Greece, when thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Aias:

Ajax. I say the proclamation.

Ther. Thou growblest and sayest every houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatnesse, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty, I that thou barkst at him.

Ajax. Mistres *Thersites*.

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. *Ajax.* *Cublofe*,
Nee would punnethee ino shiners with his fist, as a sayler
breakes a bisket, you beston cure, Do? do?

Ajax. Thou stoole for a witch.

Ther. I, Do? do? thou foddren witted Lord, thou hast
no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes, as a *Asses*
may tutor thee, you scurvy valiant ass, thou art boore but to
thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and sold among those
of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou wese beate mee I
will begime at thy heele, and tell what thou art by yaches,
thou thing of no bewells thou.

Ajax. You dogs.

Ther. You scurvy Lord.

Ajax. You cure.

Ther. Mar his Idiot, do rudenesse, do Camel, do, do.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax* wherefore do yee thus,
How now *Thersites* what the matter man.

Ther. You see him there do you?

Achil. I whats the matter. *Ther.* Nay looke vpon him.

Achil. So I do, whats the matter?

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why so I do.

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him, for who soeuer
eney you take him to be he is a

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I but that foole knowes not himselfe.

Ajax. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what madnesse of wilde vtters, his enu-
sions haue eares thus long, I haue bobd his braine more then
he has beate my bones. It will buy nine sparrowes for a pen-
ny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a spar-
row: this Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who weares his wit in his bel-
ly, and his guts in his head, I tell you what I say of him.

Ach. What.

Ther. I say this *Ajax*.

Achil.

OF TROJANS AND GREEKS,

Achil. Nay good *Ajax*. *Ther.* Has not so much wit.

Achil. Nay I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Hellas* needle, for whom he comes to fight. *Achil.* Peace foole?

Ther. I would have peace and quietnesse, but the foole will not, he there, that he : look you there?

Ajax. Oh thou damned curie I shall

Achil. Will you set your wit to a foole?

Ther. No I warrant you, the fooler will shame it.

Patro. Good words *Ther* first. *Achil.* Whats the quarrell.

Ajax. I had the vile outie goe learne mee the tenor of the proclamation, and he railer vpon me.

Ther. I serue thee not. *Ajax.* Well go to go to.

Ther. I feele here voluntary.

Achil. Your last seruice was suffrance : it was not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary, *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as vnder an impelle.

Ther. Bene lo, a great deale of your wit to lyes in your sinnewes, or els there bee hers, *Heller* shall haue a great catch and knocke at either of your beains, a were as good crack a fusty nut with no ketnell.

Achil. What with me to *Ther* first.

Ther. *Thers* *Vlisses* and old *Nestor*, whose wit was mouldy ere their grandfathers had nailes, yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough vp the war.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good sooth to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou after.

Patro. No more words *Ther* first peace. (wards.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* brooch bids me.

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*. (shall P

Ther. I will see you hang'd like *Clapnetes*, ere I come any more to your tents, I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leane the faction of fooler. Exit.

Patro. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this fir is proclaim'd through all our hoste, That *Heller* by the first houre of the Sunne

D

Will

Will with a trumpet rix our Tents and Troy,
To morrow morning call some Knight to armes,
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare,
Maintaine I know not what, (tis trash) farewell-----

Alex. Farewell, who shall answer him.

Achil. I know not, tis put to lottry, otherwise,
He knew his man.

Alex. O meaning you? I will go learne more of it.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Priam. After so many houres, lyes, speeches spent,
Thus once againe saies *Nestor* from the Greekes

Deliver *Hellen*, (and all damage etc.

As honour, losse of time, travell, expence,

Wounds, friends and what els deere that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant warre)

Shalbe stroke off, *Hector* what say you to it

Hect. Though no man lesse (saies the Greekes then I)

As farr as toucheth my particular yet deere *Priam*.

There is, no Lady of more softer bowells,

More spongy to suck in the senses of feare:

More ready to cry out, who knowes what follows

Then *Hector* in the wound of peace is surely

Surely secure, but modest doubt is child.

The beacons of the wife, the tent that fetches,

Tooth bottom of the worst let *Hellen* go,

Since the first sword was drawne about this question

Euery tith soule amongst many thousand diuers,

Hath bene as deere as *Hellen*. I meane of ours,

If we haue losse so many senses of ours,

To guard a thing not ours, nor worthe vs,

(Had it our name) the vales of one ten,

What merits in that reason which depies,

The yeelding of her vnto

Try. Fie, fie, my brother,

Way you the worth and honour of a King

So great as our dread fathers in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with *Cypriotes* summe

The past proportion of his infinite

And

of *Troilus and Cressida*.

And buckle in, a while most faithles,
With spares and fitches so dyminutiv;
As feares and reasons: fie for Godly shame!

Hels. No maruell though you bite so sharpe of reasons,
You are so empty of them should not our father;
Beare the great sway of his affaires with reason,
Because your speech hath none that tell him so?

Troy. You are for dreames and shambles brother Priest,
You furre your gloves with reason, here are your reasons
You know an enemy intends you harmes
You know a sword imployde is perilous
And reason flies the object of all harmes.
Who maruells then when *Helenus* beholds,
A Gretian and his sword, if he do see?

The very wings of reason to his keeles,
And flie like chidden *Murder* from *Iane*
Or like a starte disordred? nay if we talke of reason,
Sets shut our gates and sleepe: man-hood and honour,
Should haue hare hearts, would they but fix their thoughtes
With this crant'd reason, reason and respect,
Make lyuers pale, and kith-hood delect.

Hels. Brother, shee is not worth, what shee doth wast the
keeping.

Troy. Whats aught but as tis valued.

Hels. But vaine dwell not in perticuler will,
It holds his estimate and dignity,
As well wherein tis precious as it selfe
As in the prizer, tis made Idolsry
To make the seruice greater then the God,
And the will dotes that is attributing;
To what infectionly it selfe affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will,
My will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded pilots twixt the dangerous shore,
Of will and Iudgement: how may I auoyde?
(Although my will distrust what is elected)

The wife I choose, there can be no censure,
 To blench from this and to stand firme by honor,
 We turne not backe the sikles vpon the marchants
 When we haue sold them, nor the remainder wands,
 We do not throw in vaine respectiue sue,
 Because we now are full, it was thought merite
 Pa is should do some vengeance on the Greekes.
 Your breth with full consent bellied his sailes,
 The sea and winds (old wranglers) stroke a truce:
 And did him seruiue, hee toucht the ports desir'd.
 And for an old aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
 He brought a Grecian Queene, whose youth and freshnesse,
 Wrinkle *Apolloe*, had makes pale the morning.
 Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt,
 Is she worth keeping? why free is a peate,
 Whose price hath launty above a thous and ships
 And turn'd down'd *Kings* to *Marchants*.
 If youle smooth towne widdome *Paris* went,
 As your mast needs, for you all tri'd go, go,
 If youle confesse he brought home worthy prize
 As you must needs, for you all clept your hands,
 And cryd himselfe a bier by day and night,
 The yssue of your proper widdomes rate,
 And do a deed that neuer fouise did,
 Begger the estimation which you gi'd
 Richer then sea and land: Or cheit into base,
 That wee haue stolne, what we do feare to keepe,
 But the que: vnworthy of as much to haue,
 That in their country did them that disgrac'd
 We feare to warrant in our native place.

Enter Cassandra running

Cass. Cry Troyans cryt: what shall I say to you?

Priam. What newe thing hath befall'n you?

Troy. Tis our made: what I do knowe, be your

Cass. Cry Troyans: *Paris* is dead.

Cass. Cry Troyans cry, leade me ten thousand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetick teares.

Hell. Peace sister peace: in and in the sub the you figure

Cass.

15
Cast. Virgins and boyes, mid-age, and wrinkled elders;
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but crie,
Adde to my clamours: let vs pay this times
A moytie of that masse of moore to come:
Crie *Troyans* crye, praisse your eyes with teares,
Troy must not bee, nor goodly I lion stand:
Our fire-brand brother *Paris* buies vs all,
Crie *Troians* crye, a *Hollo* and a woe,
Crie, crie, Troy burnes, or else let *Hellas* goe. *Exirs*
Hell. Now youthfull *Troians*, do not these high strains
Of diuination in our Sister, worke
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hott, that no discourse of reason,
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?

Troy. Why brother *Heller*,
We may not thinke the iustnesse of each act
Such, and no other then euents doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes,
Because *Cassandra*'s madde, her braine-sick raptures
Cannot distast the goodnesse of a quarrell,
Which hath our severall honors all engag'd,
To make it gracious For my private part,
I am no more toucht then all *Princes* sobries,
And *Ioue* forbid there should be done amongst vs,
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,
To fight for and maintaine.

Par. Else might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counsell,
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gaued wings to my propension, and our diff
All teares attending on so dire a project,
For what (alas) can these my single armes
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and carnage of those
This quarrell wou'd excite Yet I protest
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,

Paris should nere retract, what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuite,

Pria, *Paris* you speake

Like one be-fotted on your sweet delights,
You haue the hony still, but these the gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par, Sir, I propose not meely to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beautie brings with it,
But I would haue the soile of her taite ripe,
Wipe of in honorable keeping her,
What treason were it to the ransackt queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliuer her possession vp

On termes of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?

There's not the meaneit spirit on our party,

Without a heart to dare, or sword to drawe,

When *Helen* is defend'd: nor none so noble,

Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vsur'd,

Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then I say,

Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,

The worlds large spaces cannot parallel.

Hell, *Paris* and *Troylus*, you haue both said well,

And on the cause and question now in hand,

Haue glord, but superficially, not much

Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought

Vnfit to heere *Morall Philosophie*;

The reasons you alleadge, do more conduce

To the hot passion of distemp'rd blood,

Then to make vp a fine determination

Twixt right and wrong: for pleasure and reuenge,

Haue cares more deafe then Adders to the eares

Of any true decision. Nature craves

All dues be rendred to their owners. Now

What neerer debt in all humankind

Then wife is to the husband? if this law

Of nature be corrupted through affection

And

And that great minde of partiall indulgence,
 To their benighted wills resist the same;
 There is a lawe in each well-orderd nation,
 To cūbe those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractorie;
 If *Helen* then be wise to *Sparsus* King,
 As it is knowne she is, these mortall lawes
 Of nature and of nations speake aloud
 To haue her back returned: thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heauie. *Hellers* opinion
 Is this in way of truth; yet nere the lesse,
 My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keepe *Helen* still,
 For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
 Vpon our ioyes and severall dignities.
Tip. Why there you touch the life of our designer;
 Were it not glory that we more affected,
 Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
 I would not with a drop of *Troyan* blood,
 Spent more in her defence, But worthy *Heller*,
 She is a theme of honour and renowne,
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
 Whose present courage may beat downe our foes,
 And saue in time to come canonize vs,
 For I presume brasse *Heller* would not loose
 So rich advantage of a promised glory,
 As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
 For the wide world to see now.
Hell. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great *Primmus*,
 I haue a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the *Greekes*,
 VVill sinke amazement to their drowns spirits,
 I was aduertizd, their great generall slepe,
 VVhilst emulation in the armie crept:
 This I presume will wake him,

Enter

Enter Theseus folow.

How now *Theseus*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy furie? shall the Elephant *Alex* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whilst hee railed at mee: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Dicks, but Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare inginer. If Troy bee not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of them-selues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Ioue* the king of gods: and *Mercury*, looke all the Serpentine craft of thy *Gaduceus*, if yee take not that little lit'e lesse then little witte from them: that they haue: which short-armed Ignorance it selfe knowes is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a file from a spider, without drawing their massie Irons, and cutting the web. After this the vengeance on the whole campe, or rather the Neopolitan bone-ache: for that hee thinkes is the curse depending on those that warre for a p'acket. I haue said my prayers, and diuell Enuie say *Amen*. What ho my Lord *Achilles*?

Patrocl. Whose there? *Theseus*? good *Theseus* come in and raile.

These. If I could a remembered a guilt counterfeite, thou couldst not haue slip't out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common curse of mankinde, Folly and Ignorance, be thine in great renew: Heauen bleffe thee from a tutor, and discipline come not heere thee, Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death: then if she that layes thee out sayes thou art not a faire course, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't, shee neuer throwded any but lazars. *Amen*. Where's *Achilles*?

Patro. What art thou deuous? wast thou in prayer?

These. I the heauens heaue me.

Patro. Amen.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patro. *Theseus*. my Lord.

Achil. Where? where? O where? art thou come why my cheefe,

of *Troilus and Cressida*.

cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serued thy selfe into my tab'e, so many meales, come what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy commander *Achilles*, then tell mee *Patroclus*, whats *Achilles*?

Patro. Thy Lord *Thersites*. Then tell mee I pray thee, what's *Thersites*?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*; then tell mee *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patro. Thou must tell that knowest.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. He decline the whole question, *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* know-er, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded. *Thersites* is a foole to serue such a foole, and this *Patroclus* is a foole positiue,

Patro. Why am I a foole?

Ther. Make that demand of the Prouer, it suffices mee thou art: looke you, who comes heere?

Enter Agam: Vliss: Nestor, Diomed, Ajax & Calcas.

Achil. Come *Patroclus*, Ile speake with no body: come in with me *Thersites*.

Ther. Here is such patcherie, such iugling, and such knauery: all the argument is a whore, and a Cuckold, a good quarrell to draw emulous factions, & bleed to death vpon.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patro. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Aga. Let it be knowne to him, hat we are heere,
Hee sate, our messengers and we lay by,
Our appertainings, visiting of him
Let him be to'd so, least perchance he thinke,
We dare not moue the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patro. I shall say so to him.

Vliss. We saw him at the opening of his tent,
Hee is not sick.

Ajax. Yes Lion sick, sick of proud heart, you may call it
E melan-

melancholy if you will fauour the man. But by my head tis
pride: but why, why, let him shew vs a cause?

Nest. What mooues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vliss. *Achilles* hath inuegled his foole from him,

Nest. Who *Thersites*? *Vliss.* He.

Nest. The wil *Aiax* lack matter, if he haue lost his argumēt.

Vliss. No you see he is his argument, that has his argument
Achilles.

Nest. All the better, their fractiō is more our wish then their
faction, but it was a strōg composure a soole could disunite.

Vliss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easly vntye,
Heere comes *Patroclus*. *Nest.* Nō *Achilles* with him.

Vliss. The Elephant hath loynes, but none for courtesie,
His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry.
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure
Did mooue your greatnesse, and this noble state,
To call vpon him. He hopes it is no other
But for your health, and your digestion sake,
An after dinners breath.

Agam. Heere you *Patroclus*:
We are too well acquainted with these answers,
But his euasion-winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot out-flie our apprehensions,
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him. Yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously on his owne part beheld,
Doe in oureyes begin to lose their glosse,
Yea like faire fruite in an vnholosome dish,
Are like to rott vntasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speake with him, and you shall not sinne,
If you do say, we thinke him ouer-proud
And vnder-henell: in selfe assumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement. And worthier then himselfe
Heere tend the sauage strangenesse he puts on
Disguise, the holy strength of their command,
And vnder-write in an obseruing kinde,
His humbrous predominance: yea watch

18
His course, and time, his ebbs and flowes, and if
The passage, and whole stream of his commencement,
Rode on his tide. Goe, tell him this, and adde,
That if he over-hold his price so much,
Weele none of him. But let him like an engine,
Not portable, lye vnder this report,
Bring action hither, this cannot go to warre,
A stirring dwarfe we doe allowance giue,
Before a sleeping gyant. Tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Agam. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him: *Vlisses* entertaine.

Aiax. What is he more then another.

Agam. No more then what he thinks he is.

Aiax. Is he so much: doe you not thinke he thinks him-
selfe a better man then I am?

Agam. No question.

Aiax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is.

Agam. No noble *Aiax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as
wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether
more tractable.

Aia. Why should a man be proud? how doth pride grow?
I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your minde is the clearer, and your vertues the
fairer, hee that is proud eates vp him-selfe: Pride is his
owne glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne chronicle, and
what euer praises it selfe but in the deed, deuoures the
deed in the praise.

Enter Vlisses.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I do hate the ingendring
of Toades.

Nest. And yet he loues himselfe, ist not strange?

Vlis. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Agam. Whats his excuse?

Vlis. He doth relye on none.

But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without obseuance, or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

E 2

Agam.

Agam. Why will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his person, and share th'ayre with vs.

Ulis. Things 'mall as nothing, for requests sake onely,
He makes important: posselt he is with great ostent,
And speakes not to himselfe but with a pride,
That quarrels at selfe breath. Imagind worth,
Ho'ds in his b'oud such swolne and hott discourse,
That twist his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdome & *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters downe himselfe. What should I say,
He is so plagueie proud, that the death tokens of it,
Crie no recouerie.

Agam. Let *Aiax* go to him,
Deare Lord, go you, and grette him in his tent,
T's said he holds you well, and will be lead,
At our request a lute from himselfe.

Ulis. O *Agamemnon* let it not be so,
Weele consecrate the steps that *Aiax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*: shall this proud Lord
That basts his arrogance with his owne teame,
And neuer suffe's matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, for such as doth reuolue,
And ruminat him-selfe: shall he be worshippt,
Of that we hold an idoll more then hee,
No: this thrice worthy and sight valiant Lord,
Shall not so staule his palme nobly acquird,
Nor by my will asubingate his merit,
As amply liked as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already pride,
And adde more coles to *Cancer* when he burnes,
With entertaining great *Hipotes*,
This Lord go to him, *Jupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder *Achilles* go to him!

Nest. O this is well, he rubs the vaine of him.

Diom. And how his silence drinks up his applaus;

Aiax. If I go to him: with my armed fist hee will hit me on the

Agam. O no, you shall not go,

Aiax. And he be proud with me, hee p'he's his pride,

Let me goe to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrell.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow.

Nest. How he describes him selfe.

Ajax. Can he not be sociable.

Ulyss. The Raven chides blacknesse.

Ajax. Ile tell his humorous bloud.

Agen. Hee wilbe the phusion, that should bee the patient.

Ajax. And all men were of my minde.

Ulyss. Wit would bee out of fashion.

Ajax. A should not beare it so, a should ease swords first
shall pride carry it?

Nest. And tw'o of yow'd carry halfe.

Ajax. A would haue ten shares. I wll kneade him; Ile
make him supple, he's not yet through warme?

Nest. Force him with prayers poure in, poure, his ambition
is d:le.

Ulyss. My Lord you send so much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble generall do not do so?

Diom. You must prepare to fight with our Achilles.

Ulyss. Why tis this naming of him do's him harme,
Here is a man but tis before his face, I wilbe silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not enuious as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world hee is as valiant

Ajax. A hoarson dog that shall palter with vs thus, would
he were a Troyan?

Nest. What a vice were is in Ajax now?

Ulyss. If hee were proude.

Diom. Or couetous of praise.

Ulyss. I or surly borne.

Diom. Or strange or selfe affected.

Ulyss. Thank the heauen's Lord, thou art of sweet composure.

Praise him that gat thee, shee that gaue thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature,

Thrice fam'd beyond all thy erudition:

But hee that disciplind thine armes to fight,

Let Mars diuide eternity in twaine,

And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour

Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeeld,
To sinowy *Aiax*, I will not praile thy wisdome,
Which like a boord: a pale, a shore confines
This spaciuous and dilated parts, here's *Nestor*,
Instructed by the antiquary times:
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise,
But pardon father *Nestor* were your daies
As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine so temper'd,
You should not haue the emynence of him,
But be as *Aiax*. *Aiax*. Shall I call you father?

Nest. I my good Sonne.

Di m. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.

Vliss. There is no tarrying here the Hart *Achilles*,
Keepes thicket, please it our great generall,
To call together all his state of warre,
Fresh Kings are come to Troy, To morrow
We must with all our maine of power stand fast,
And here's a Lord come Knights from East to West
And call their flower, *Aiax* shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to counsell, let *Achilles* sleepe,
Light boates faile swift, though greater hulkes draw deepe.

Enter Pandarus.

(Exeunt.)

Pan. Friend you, pray you a word, doe you not follow the
yong Lord *Paris*. *Man.* I sir when he goes before mee.

Pan. You depend vpon him I meane.

Man. Sir I do depend vpon the Lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a notable gentleman I must needs
praise him.

Man. The Lord be praised?

Pan. You know me? doe you not?

Man. Faith sir superficially.

Pan. Friend know mee better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Man. I hope I shall know your honour better?

Pan. I do desire it.

Man. You are in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace? not so friend, honour and Lordship are my ti-
tles, what musicke is this?

Man. I do but partly know sir, it is musick in partes.

Pan.

of Troilus and Cressida.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Man. Wholy fir,

Pan. Who play they to?

Man. To the hearers fir,

Pan. At whose pleasure friends?

Man. At mine fir, and theirs that loue musicke,

Pan. Command I meane:

Man. Who shall I command fir?

Pan. Friend we vnderstand not one another, I am to courtly and thou to cunning, at whose request do these men play?

Man. That to: indeed fir? many fir, at the request of *Paris* my Lord, who is there in person, with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart blend of beauty, loues inuisible soule:

Pan. Who my cozen *Cressida*?

Man. No fir, *Hellen*, could not you finde out that by her attributes..

Pan. It should seeme fellow thou hast not seene the Lady *Cressida* I come to speake with *Paris*, from the Prince *Troilus*, I will make a complementall assault vpon him for my businesse seeth'a,

Man. Sodden businesse, theirs a stew'd phrase indeed!

Enter Paris and Hellen.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to al this faire company, faire desires in all faire measure saidie guide them, especially to you faire *Queene* faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Dere Lord you are full of faire words:

Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweet *Queene*, Faire Prince here is good broken musicke..

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel.* he is full of harmony:

Pan: Truly Lady no: *Hel:* O fir:

Pan: Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude:

Paris: Well said my Lord, well, you say so in fits:

Pan. I haue businesse to my Lord decre *Queene*? my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay this shall not hedge vs out, wee le here you sing certainly:

Pan: Well sweete *Queene* you are pleasant with mee; but, mary

marry thus my Lord my deere Lord, and most esteemed
friend your brother *Troilus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus* hony sweet Lord,

Pan. Go too sweet Queene, go to?

Comends him selfe moit affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody,
If you do our melancholy vpon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queene, sweet Queene, thats a sweet Queene
I faith —

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad is a sower offence.

Pan. Nay that shall not serue your turne, that shall it not
in truth is? Nay I care not for such words, no, no. And my
Lord hee desires you that if the King call for him at supper.
You will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. What saies my sweete Queene, y very very sweet
Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where suppes he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What saies my sweet Queene? my cozen will fall out
with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. Ile lay my life with my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no? no such matter you are wide, come your
disposer is sicke.

Par. Well ile makes excuse?

Pan. I good my Lord, why should you say *Cressida*, no,
your disposers sick. *Par.* I spie?

Pan. You spy? what doe you spie? come, giue mee an in-
strument now sweete Queene?

Hel. Why this is kindly done?

Pan. My Neece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue
sweete Queene.

Hel. Shee shall haue it my Lord, if it bee not my Lord
Paris.

Pand. Hee? no? sheele none of him, they two are
tawine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pand.

of *Troilus and Cressida*.

Pand. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

Hell. I, I, prethee, now by my troth sweet lad thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pand. I you may, you may.

Hell. Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs all. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pand. Loue? I that it shall ysaith.

Par. I good now loue, leue, nothing but loue.

Pand. *Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still loue still more:*

For a lones bow, Shoots Backe and Doe.

The shafts confound not that it wounds

But tickles still the sore:

These lones cry ah ho they dye,

Yet that which formes the wound to kill,

Doth turne oh ho so ha ha he,

So dying lones times still,

O ha, while, ha ha ha,

O ho grones out for ha ha ha—hey he,

Hell. In loue I saith to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eates nothing but douns loue, and that breeds hot blood, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pand. Is this the generation of loue: hot bloud hot thoughts and hot deedes, why they are vipers, is loue a generation of vipers:

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Heleus, Antenor,* and all the gallantry of *Troy*, I would haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it so.

How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Hell. He hangs the lippe at something, you know al Lord *Pandarus.*

Pand. Not I, hony sweete *Queene*, I long to heare how they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excuses?

Par. To a hayre.

Pand. Farewell sweete *Queene.*

exit

F

Hell. Com-

Hel. Commend me to your neece,
Pand. I will sweet Queene. *Sound a retreat?*

Par. Their come from the field: let vs to Priames Hall
To greete the warriors. Sweet *Hellen* I must woe you,
To helpe vn-arme our *Hektor*: his stubborne bucles
With this your white enchaunting fingers touch;
Sha'l more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall do more
Then all the Hand Kinges, disarm great *Hektor*.
Hel. Twil make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris*?
Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duty,
Gives vs more palme in beauty then we haue;
Yea ouershines our selfe.

Par. Sweet above thought I loue her! *Exeunt.*

Enter. Pandarus Troilus, man.

Pand. How now wher's thy maister, at my Cousin *Cressidas*?

Mas. No fir stayes for you to conduct him thether.

Pand. O heere he comes: how now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pand. Haue you scene my Cousine?

Troy. No *Pandarus*, I stalk about her dore
Like to a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waitage, O be thou my Charon,
And giue me swift transportance to these fieldes,
VVhere I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandar*,
From *Capids* shoulder plucke his painned wings,
And flye with me to *Cressid*.

Pand. VValk heere ith' Orchard, he bring her straight.

Troy. I am giddy: expectation whirles me round,
Th'imaginary reliish is so sweete,
That it inchaunts my sence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeed
Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding distraction, or some ioy to syne,
To subtil, potent, tun'd to sharp in sweetnesse
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides

That

of Troilus and Cressida.

That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.

Paed. Shee making her ready, sheele come straight, you
must be witty now, she does so blush, and fetches her wind so
short as if shee were fraid with a spirite: He fetch her; it is the
prouest villaine, she fetches her breath as short as a new tane
sparrow.

Troy. Each such a passion doth embrace my bosome,
My heart beats thicker then a feauerous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing loose
Like vassalage at vnwares encountering
the eye of maiesty.

Enter Pandar and Cressida.

Paed. Come, come, what need you blush?
Shames a babie; heere shee is now, I sweare the othes now to
her that you haue swome to me: what are you gone againe,
you must be watche ere you be made tame, must you? come
your waies come your waies, and you draw backward weele
put you ith fillies: why doe you not speake to her. Come
draw this curtaine, and lets see your picture; alas! the day?
how loath you are to offend day light; and twere darke youd
close sooner: so so, sub on and kisse the mistresse; how now
a kisse in fee-farme: build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweet.
Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The faul-
con, as the tercell for all the ducks ith river: go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all wordes Lady.

Paed. Words pay no debts; giue her deeds: but sheele be-
reane you ath' deeds too if she call your astuity in question:
what billing againe: heeres in witness whereof the parties in-
terchangeably. Come in come in He go get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Cressid* how often haue I wisht me thus.

Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods graunt? O my Lord?

Troy. What should they graunt? what makes this pretty ab-
sorption: what so curious dreg espies my sweete lady in the
fountaine of our loue?

Cres. More dregs then water if my teares haue eyes.

Troy. Feares make dauids of Charubins, they neuer see truly.

F 2

(Cres. blinde

The History

Cres. B'ind feare that feeing reason leads, finds safer footing, then blind reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst o't cures the worst.

* *Troy.* O let my Lady apprehend no feare;
In all *Cupid's* pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. N'r nothing monstrous neither.

Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings; when we vow we wepe seas, lue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our mistresse to deuise imposition ynough then for vs to vndergoe any difficulty imposed. — This the monstruosity in loue Lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confind, that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slaue to lymite.

Cres. They say all louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten: and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares are they not monsters?

Troy. Are there such: such are not we; Praise vs as we are talled, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare: ill merit loue part no affection in reuerfion. shall haue a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and being borne, his addition shall bee humble: few wordes to faire faith, *Troylus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as what enuy can say worst shall bee a mocker for his truth, and what truth can speake truest: not truer then *Troylus*.

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Pand. What blushing still, haue you not done talking yet?

Cres. VVell Vnde what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thanke you for that, if my Lord gette a boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he finch chide me for it.

Troy: You know now your hostages, your Vncles word and my firme faith.

Pand. Nay Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they bee wooed, they are constant being

of Troilus and Cressida.

being wonne, they are buttes I can tell you, theye sticke
where they are throwne.

Cres. Bouldnesse comes to me now and brings me heart:
Prince *Troilus* I have loued you night and day; for many
weary moneths,

Troy: Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to wyn?

Cres: Hard to seeke wonne: but I was wonne my Lord
With the first glance; that euer pardon me
If I confesse much you will play the tyrant,
I loue you now, but till now not so much
But I might maister it; in faith I lye,
My thoughts were like vnbridled children gone
Too headstrong for their mother: see wee fooles,
VVhy haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs
VVhen we are so vnsecret to our selues.
But though I loue'd you well, I wooed you not,
And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuledge
Of speaking first, Sweete bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speake
The thing I shall repent: see see your syllence
Commung in dumbnesse, from my weaknesse drawes
My very soule of counsell. Stop my mouth.

Troy: Ahid shall, albeit sweet musique issues thence,

Pand. Pretty yfaith.

Cres. My Lord I doe beseech you pardon me;
Twas not my purpose thus to begge a kisse:
I am asham'd; O Heavens what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

Troy: Your leaue sweete *Cressid*:

Pan: Leauere: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

Cres: Pray you content you. *Troy:* What offends you Lady?

Cres: fir mine own company.

Troy: You cannot shun your selfe.

Cres: Let me goe and cry:
I haue a kind of selfe recids with you:
But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole: I would be gone

The history

Where is my wit? I know not what I speake, (wisely)

Tro. Well know they what they speake, that speake so

Cres. Perchance my Lord I shew more craft then loue,

And tell so roundly to a large confession.

To angle for your thoughts, but you are wise,

Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,

Exceeds mans might that dwells with gods above,

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman.

As if it can I will presume in you,

To feed for age her lampe and flames of loue.

To keepe her constancy in plight and youth,

Out-living beauties outward, with a mind,

That doth renew swifter then blood decays,

Or that perswasion could but thus conuince me,

That my integrity and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and waight,

O: such a winnowed purity in loue,

How were I then vp-lifted! but alas,

I am as true as truths simplicity,

And simpler then the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that ile war with you, *Tro.* O vertuous fight,

When right with right waies who sha'l be most right,

True swains in loue sha'l in the world to come

Approue their trueth by *Troilus*, when their times,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare,

Wants simele's truth tyrd with iteration.

As true as Steele, as plantage to the moone,

As sunne to day: as mitle to her mate,

As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th' Center,

After all comparisons of truth,

(As truths authentique author to be cited)

As true as *Troilus*, shall croune vp the verse,

And sanctifie the numbers,

Cres. Prophet may you be,

If I bee false or swaue a hayre from truth,

When time isould or hath forgot it selfe,

When water drops haue worn the stones of *Troy*,

And blind obliuion swallowd Cities vp.

And

of *Troilus and Cressida.*

And mighty states character-les are graced,
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false among false mayds in love,
Vpbraid my falchood, when th' have said as false,
As ayre, as water, wind or sandy earth,
As Fox to Lambe, or Wolfe to Heifers Calfe,
Pard to the Hind, or strepaine to her Sonne,
Yea let them fly to sucke the heart of falchood,
As false as *Cressid*.

Pand. Go to a bargaine made, scale it, scale it ile bee the
witness here I hold your hand, here my *Conscience*, if euer you
proue false one, to another since I haue taken such paine to
bring you together let all pittifull goers betweene be cald
to the worlds end after my name, call them all *Panders*, let
all constant men be *Troilus*, all false woemen *Cressids*, and
all brokers betweene *panders*, say Amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cressid. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Wherevpon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed be-
cause it shall not speake of your pretty encounters presse it to
death away.

Exeunt.

And Cupid grant all long-tide maydens here,
Bed, chamber, Pander to provide this geere.

Exit.

Enter Ulysses, Diomed, Nestor, Agamemnon, Calcas.

Cal. Now Princes for the seruice I haue done,
Th' aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence, appere it to mind,
That through the sight I beare in things to loue,
I haue abandond Troy, left my possession,
Incurd a traytors name, exposd my selfe,
From certaine and possell conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, sequestring from me all,
That time acquaintance, custom and condition,
Made tame, and most familiar to my nature,
And here to doe you seruice am become,
As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted,
I do beseech you, as in way of staffe,
To giue me now a little benefite.

Out of those many registered in promise,
Which you say line to come in my behalfe.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan, make demand?

Cale. You have a Trojan prisoner calld *Aeneas*,
Yesterday tooke, Troy holds him very deere,
Oft haue you (often haue you thanks therefore)
Desired my *Cressid* in sight great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd but this *Aeneas*
I know is such a wrest in their affaires:

That their negotiations all must slacke,
Wanting his marriage and they will almost,
Giue vsa Prince of blood-a Sonne of *Prous*,
In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence,
Shall quite strike of all seruice I haue done,
In most accepted paine.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring vs *Cressid* hither, *Caleas* shall haue
What he requests of vs: good *Diomed*,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange,
Withall bring word If *Hector* will to morrow,
Bee answered in his challenge. *Alex* is ready.

Dis. This shall I vndertake, and tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare.

Achilles and Patroclus in their tent.

Uli. *Achilles* stands ith entrance of his tent,
Please it our generall passe strangely by him;
As if he were forgot, and princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him,
I will come last, tis like heele question mee,
Why such vnpausing eyes are bent? why turnd on him,
If so I haue derision medecinable,
To vse betweene you r strangers, and his pride,
Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke,
It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse,
To show it selfe but pride for supple knees,
Feed arrogance and are the proud mans sect.

Aga. Weele execute your purpose and put on,
A forme

A forme of strangesse as we see things
 So do each face, and either greets him more
 Or els disdainfully, which shall shake him more:
 Then if not lookt on, I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the generall to speake with mee?
 You know my minde he fighte no more gainst Iany.

Age. What saies *Achilles* would he ought with vs?

Nest. Would you my Lord ought with the generall.

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing my Lords.

Age. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What do the Cnckould scorne mee?

Aiax. How now *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow.

Aiax. Har.

Achil. Good morrow.

Aiax. I and good next day too.

Exeunt.

Ach. What meane these fellows know they not *Achilles*?

Parv. They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*.

To come as humbly as they vs'd to creep in holy altars:

Achil. What am I poore of late?

Tis certain, greatness once false out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too, what the declin'd is.

He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others

As feeble in his owne fall: for men like buzze-flies,

Shew not their mealy wings but to the Summer,

And not a man for being simply man,

Hath any honour, but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, and fauour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit

Which when they fall as being slippery standers,

The loue that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Doth one pluck downe another, and together, die in the fall,

But tis not so with me,

Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy

G

Ar

At ample point all that I did possesse,
Saw these mens lookes, who do me thus finde out
Some thing not worth in me such rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen; Here is *Ulysses*
He interrupt his reading, how now *Ulysses*?

Ulysses. Now great *Thetis* Sonne,

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulysses. A strange fellow here,

Writes me that man, how derely euer parted:

How much in hauing or without or in

Cannot, make boist to haue that which he hath,

Nor sees not what he owes but by reflections

As when his vertues ayming vpon others,

Heate them, and they retort that heate againe

To the first giuers.

Achil. This is not strange *Ulysses*,

The beauty that is borne here in the face:

The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe,

To others eyes, nor doth the eye it selfe

That most pure spirit of sense, behold it selfe

Nor going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes each other, with each others forme,

For speculation turnes not so it selfe,

Till it hath trauel'd and is married there:

Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all:

Ulysses. I do not straine at the position,

It is familiar, but at the authors drift,

Who in his circumstance expressly prooves,

That no man is the Lord of any thing:

Though in and of him there be much consistings

Till he communicate his parts to others,

Nor doth hee of himselfe know them for aught:

Till he behold them formed in the applause.

Where th'are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate

The voice againe or like a gate of Steele:

Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders back

His figure and his heate. I was much rap't in this,

And apprehended here immediately,

Th' vnkowne *Aiax*, heauen what a man is there?
 A very horse, that has he knowes not what
 Nature what things these are.
 Most obiect in regard, and deere in vs,
 What things againe most deere in the esteem:
 And poore in worth, now shall we see to morrow,
 An act that very chance doth shew upon him
Aiax renown'd? O heauen what some men doe,
 While some men leaue to doe,
 How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,
 While others play the Idoles in her eyes,
 How one man gates into anothers pride,
 While pride is fasting in his wastonesse,
 To see these Grecian Lords, why euen already:
 They clap the lubber *Aiax* on the shoulder
 As if his foote were one braue *Hellers* brest,
 And great *Troy* shrieking.

Achill. I doe beleue it.
 For they pass by me as misers do by beggars,
 Neither gaue to me good word nor lookes
 What are my deeds forgoe?

Vliss. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts almes for oblivion:
 A great fix'd monster of ingratitude,
 Those scraps are good deeds past,
 Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,
 Forgot as soone as done, perseuerance deere my Lords
 Keepest honour bright, to haue done, is to hang,
 Quite out off fashion like a rusty male,
 In monumentall mockry? take the instant way,
 For honour trauels in a straight so narrow
 Where on but goes a brest, keepe then the path
 For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
 That one by one passe, if you giue way,
 Or turne a side from the direct forth right:
 Like to an entred side they all rush by,
 And leaue you him, must then what they do in present
 Though lesse then yours in passe, must ore top yours.

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G 2

For

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by chace;
And with his arm out-stretch'd as he would fly;
Grasps in the comer: then welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And goe to dust, that like a little gale,
More loud than their guide ow'd dust.
The present eye praises the present object,
Then marvell not thou great and comely man,
That all the Grecians begin to worship thee;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what stirs not. The eye went o'er on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldst not entombe thy selfe alive,
And cause thy reputation in thy tomb,
Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them selves,
And drew great Mars to faction.
Achil. Of this my private,
I have strong reasons.
Uly. But 'gainst your private;
The reasons are more potent and heroicall:
Tis knowne *Achil*, that you are in love
With one of *Priamus* daughters,
Achil. He? knowne?
Uly. Is that a wonder?
The providence that in a warfull state,
Knowes almost every thing,
Finds bottom in the vast unsearchable depth,
Keeps pite with thought, and almost like the gods,
Doth though his vantage in their dumb emotion
These

27.

There is a mystrie (with whom relation
 Dust neuer meddle) in the soule of state,
 Which hath an operation more diuine,
 Then breath of pen can giue expresse to
 All the commerſe that you haue had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours my Lord,
 And better would it ſit *Achilles* much,
 To throw downe *Hector* then *Pollux*,
 But it muſt grieve young *Pirrus* now at home,
 When ſome ſhall in our hands ſound her trumpet,
 And all the Greekiſh girdles ſhall tripping ſing,
 Great *Hectors* ſitter did *Achilles* winne,
 But our great *Ajax* brauely beate downe him,
 Farewell my Lord: I as your loueſt ſpeake,
 The ſoule ſides are the ſee that you ſhould breake
Patr. To this effect. *Achilles* haue I moou'd you,
 A woman impudent and mannish growne,
 Is not more loth'd then an effeminate man
 In time of action: I ſtand condemn'd for this
 They thinke my little ſtomack to the warre,
 And your great loue to me, reſtrains you thus,
 Sweete rouse your ſelfe, and the weake wanton *Cupid*,
 Shall from your neck vnlouſe his amorous ſould,
 And like dew drop from the Lions mane,
 Be ſhooke to ayre.
Ach. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?
Patr. I and perhaps receiue much honor by him,
Ach. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
 My fame is throwndly gourd
Patr. O then beware,
 Thoſe wounds heale ill, that men do giue themſelues,
 Omiſſion to doe what is neceſſary,
 Seales a commiſſion to a blanke of danger,
 And danger like an ague ſubely taints
 Euen then when they ſit idely in the ſunne.
Ach. Go call *Therſites* hither ſweet *Patroclus*,
 He ſend the ſoule to *Ajax*, and deſite him
 To inuite the Troyan lords after the combate,

To see vs heere vharnd. I haue a womans longing.
An appetite that I am sick with-all,
To see great *Hector* in his weeds of peace,
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour fard.

Enter Thersites.

Thers. A wonder. *Achil.* What?

Thers. *Alex* goes vp and downe the field asking for himselfe.

Thers. He must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heauy call' cudgeling, that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Thers. Why a stallion vp and downe like a peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostesse, that hath no Arithmetique but her beaine to sit downe her reckonings: bites his lip with a politike regarde, as who should say there were wits in this head and two'd out: and so there is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking, the mans vndone for euer, for if *Hector* breakes not his neck' ith' combate, hee'll break himselfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I sayd good morrow *Alex*: And hee replies thanks *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man that takes me for the Generall? Hees growne a very land-fish languidish, a monster, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador *Thersites*.

Thers. Who I: why heele answer no body: hee professes not answering, speaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes. I will put on his presence, let *Pandarus* make demands to me. You shall see the pageant of *Alex*.

Achil. To him *Pandarus*, tell him I humbly desire the valiant *Alex*, to imite the valorous *Hector* to come vnto my tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, fine or founten times honour'd Capitaine Generall of the armie. *Agamemnon*, do this.

Exit

Patr. Touch his great ancle to *Therf.* Hum, shall I

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achil.* I will bid you

Therf. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Heir* to

Therf. Hum?

Patr. And to procure his conduct from *Agamemnon* and

Therf. Agamemnon?

Patr. My Lord. *Therf.* Ha?

Patr. What say you to't?

Therf. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer is.

Therf. If to morrow be a Friday by a louse of the clock

it will goe one way or other, hee to me he shall pay for me

ere hee ha's me. *Patr.* Your answer is.

Therf. Fare yee well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this way, is he?

Therf. No: but out of care that. What mischief will he do

him, when *Heir* ha's knockt out his braines. I know not.

But I am sure none, unless the fidler *Apello* get his sinewes

to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, shall hee be a letter to him straight.

Therf. Let mee beate another in his horse, for than the

more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a fountaine fire,

And I my selfe see not the bottom of it.

Therf. Would the fountain of your minde were cleere:

Againe that I might watte an *A* at it. I had rather be a sick

in a sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter as they draw. Enter another Paris, Desdemond,

Antony, Diomedes, Grecians with torches.

Paris. See ho? who is that there?

Des. It is the *Queen*.

Ant. Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lye long.

As your prince *Paris* nothing but heavenly businesse,

Should rob my bed mate of my company.

Des. That's my mind to't? good morrow, Lord *Antony*.

Paris. A valiant Greekes? *Des.* take his hand.

Witness:

Witness the processe of your speech wherein
You told how *Dymond*'s whole weeke by daies,
Did haunt you in the fie'd.

Enc. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meete you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can thinke or courage execute.

Dion. The one and other *Dymond* embraces,
Our bloods are now in calme, and so long helth:
Lul'd when contention, and occasion meete,
By *Ioue* ile play the hunter for thy life;
With all my force, pursuire, and policy.

Enc. And thou shalt hunt a *Lyon* that will flie,
With his face back-ward, in humane gentleness:
Welcome to *Troy*, now by *Achilles* life,
Welcome indeed: by *Uenus* hand I sweare,
No man aloue can loue in such a sort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Dion. We sympathize; *Ioue* let *Uenus* line
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,
But in mine emulation honor let him die
With every ioynt a wound and char to murther.

Enc. We know each other well.

Dion. We do and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most delightful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful loue that ere I heard of; what business
Lord so early?

Enc. I was sent for to the King: but why I know not.

Par. His purpose meetes you? twas to bring this Greeke,
To *Calcho's* house, and there to render him;

For the enfried *Ambrose* the faire *Cypris*.

Lets haue your company, or if you please,

Hast there before vs, I confidently believe,

(Or rather call my thought's certaine knowledge)

My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night,

Route him and giue him note of our approach,

With the whole quality wherefore.

I feare

I feare we shall be much unbelov'd.
Enas. That I assure you: *Troilus* had rather *Troy* were
 borne to Greece, then *Cressid* borne from *Troy*.

Paris. There is no help, the bitter disposition of the time will haue it so.
 On Lord, weele follow you.

Enas. Good morrow all.

Paris. And tell me noble *Diomed*, fatchell man,
 Euen in soule of sound good fellowshipp.

Who in your thoughts, deserves faire *Helen* best,

My selfe, or *Mentor*?

Diomed shall like, yett we shall liue, in good fellowship.
 Hee merits well to haue her that doth seeke her,

Not making any scruple of her soule,

With such a hell of paine, and world of charge,

And you as well to keepe her, than defend her,

Not pallating the taste of her dishonour,

With such a costly losse of wealth and friends,

He like a puling Cuckold would drinke vp,

The lees and dregs of a flint tamed peece.

You like a lecher out of whorish loynes,

Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors,

Both merits poyzd, each weighs not lesse nor more,

But he as he, the holder for a while.

Paris. You are too bitter to your country woman.

Diomed shewes bitter to her country, heare me *Paris*,

For euery false drop in her bewdy veins,

A Greeke's life hath fasten'd for euery scruple

Of her contaminated cartion weight,

A *Trojan* hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,

Shee hath not giuen so many good words breath,

As for her Greekes and *Trojans* suffred death.

Paris. Faire *Diomed* you do as chapmen doe

Dispraise the thing that they desire to buy.

But we in silence hold this verie well,

Weele not commend, what wee intend to sell. Heere I lye

our way. *Exit.* Enter *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

Troilus. Deere trouble not your selfe, the storme is cold.

H

Cres.

Cris. Then sweet my Lord, call mine vnicle downe;
Hee shall vnbolt the gates.

Troyl. Trouble him not:
To bed to bed: sleepe kill those pitty eyes;
And giue as soft attachment to thy lances;
As infants empty of all thought.

Cris. Good morrow then.

Troyl. And thou how to bed.

Cris. Are you a weary of me?

Troyl. O *Crisida!* but that the hasty day;
Wak't by the Lark hath roused the ribald Crowes;
And dreaming night will hide our ioyes no longer;
I would not from thee.

Cris. Night hath bene too brittle;

Tro. Bestrew the witch with venomous wights she flouts.
As tediously as bill, but flies the graspes of loue;
With wings more momentary swift then thought;
You will catch colde and curse me.

Cris. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;
O foolish *Crisida!* I might haue still held of,
And then you would haue tarried. Hark! ther's one vp.

Paul. What's a'l the doore open heere?

Troyl. Is it your Vnicle?

Cris. A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I shall haue such a life.

Paul. How now, how now, how go maiden-heads,
Heere you maide, where's my cotte *Crisida!*

Cris. Go hang your selfe, you naughtie mocking-vade;
You bring me to doo—and then you flout me so.

Paul. To do what, to do what? let her say what,
What haue I brought you to doo?

Cris. Come, come, bestrew your heart, you'll nere be good,
nor suffer others.

Paul. Ha, ha: alas poor wretch! a poore wretch, ha!
not sleepe to night? would hee not (a naughty man) let it
scape, a bug-beare take him.

Cris. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt with head;
Who's that at doore, good vnicle go and see.

One knocke.
My

*My Lord, come you againe into my chamber,
You smile and mock me, as if I mesur naughtily,*

Troyl. Ha, ha.

*Cres. Come you are declined, I thinke of no such thing,
How earnestly they knock, pray you come in. Knock,*

I would not for halfe Troy haue you seene here, Exeunt.

*Pand. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?*

Ans. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

*Pand. Who's there my Lord? Enter: by my troth I knew
you not: what newes with you so early?*

Ans. Is not Prince Troylus heere?

Pand. Here, what should he do here?

*Ans. Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him,
It doth import him much to speake with me.*

*Pand. Is he here say you fits more then I know ile be sworne
For my owne part I came in late: what should hee doe
here?*

*Ans. Who, say then! Come, come, youle do him wrong,
ere you are ware, youle be so true to him, as be false to him,
Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.*

Troyl. How now, what's the matter?

*Ans. My Lord, we haue leifure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliu'd to him, and forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
We must giue vp to Diomedes hand
The Lady Cressida.*

Troyl. Is it so concluded?

*Ans. By Priam and the generall state of Troy,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.*

*Troyl. How my atchiuements mock me,
I will go meete them: and my Lord Enter,
We met by chance, you did not finde me here.*

*Ans. Good, good, my lord, the secrets of neighbor Pandar
Haue not more guift in taciturnitie. Exeunt.*

H 3

Pand.

Pand. Itt possible : no sooner got but left, the diuill take
Antenor, the young Prince, will go madde, a plague vpon
Antenor, I would they had brok's neck,

Enter Cres. How now? what's the matter? who was heere?
Pand. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly, wher's my Lord? gone?
tell me sweete Vncle, whats the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am above.

Cres. O the Gods, whats the matter?

Pand. Pray thee get shere in : would thou hadst nere been
borne, I knew thou wouldst be his death. O poore Gentle-
man, a plague vpon *Antenor*.

Cres. Good vnckle! beseech you on my knees, whats the
matter?

Pand. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone: thou
art chang'd for *Antenor*. Thou must to thy father and bee
gone from *Troylus*, twill be his death, twill bee his bane, hee
cannot beare it.

Cres. O you immortall Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vncle. I haue forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinitie,
No kinne, no loue, no blood, no soule so neere me
As the sweete *Troylus*. O you gods diuine,
Make *Cressids* name the very crowne of falsehood,
If euer she leaue *Troylus*, Time, force and death,
Do to this body what extreames you can:
But the strong base, and building of my loue,
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. Ile go in and weepe.

Pand. Do, do.

Cres. I cease my bright haire, & scratch my praised cheekes,
Crack my cleare voyce with sobs, and breake my heart,
With sounding *Troylus* : I will not go from Troy.

Enter Paris, Troylus, Enrius, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the house prefur,
For her deliery to this valiant Greeke,
Comes sat vpon : good my brother *Troylus*

Tell

31
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And haile her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house,

He bring her to the Grecian presently:

And to his hand when I deliuer her,

Thinke it an altar, and thy brother *Troylus*

A priest there offering as it his sacred heart.

Paris. I know what tis to loose,

And would, as I shall pitty it could helpe:

Please you walke in my Lords?

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cress. Why tell you me of moderation?

The greife is fine, full, perfect that I taste,

And violenteth in a sence as strong

As that which causeth it, how can I moderate it?

If I could temporize with my affections,

Or brew it to a weake and coulde it paler,

The like alayment could I giue my grieft:

My loue admittes no qualifying drosse,

No more my grieft in such a precious losse.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a sweete ducke,

Cress. Oh *Troylus*, *Troylus*.

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here, let me embrace too,
Oh heart, as the goodly saying is; Oh heart, heavy heart,
why fightst thou without breaking: where hee answers a-
gaine, because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendshippe
nor by speaking: there was neuer a surer signe. Let vs call a-
way nothing, for wee may liue to haue need of such a verse,
We see it, we see it, how now lambs?

Troy. *Cressid* I loue thee in so straine'd a purity,
That the black Gods as angry with my fancy
More bright in zeale then the deuotion, which
Cold lippes blow to their dieties, take thee from me.

Cress. Haue the Gods enuy?

Pan. I, I, I, tis to plaine a case.

Cress. And is it true that I must go from *Troy*?

H 3

Troy.

Troy. A hatefull truth.

Cres. What and from *Troylus* to?

Troy. From *Troy*, and *Troylus*,

Cres. Is't possible?

Troy. And suddenly, where iniury of chance
Puts back, leaue taking, iustles roughly by:
All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lippes
Of all reioyndure: forcibly prevents
Our lock't embrasures, strangles our dese vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath:
We two that with so many thousand sighes,
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues:
With the rude breuity, and discharge of one,
Iniurious time now with a robbers hast,
Cram's his ritch thetury vp hee knowes not how.
As many farewells as be starres in heauen,
With distinct breath, and confignde kisses to them,
He fumbles vp into a loose adewe:
And skants vs with a single fumble kisse,
Distasted with the salt of broken teares.

Aeneas within. My Lord is the Lady ready?

Troy. Harke, you are call'd, some say the *Gonius*
Cries so to him that instantly must die,
Bid them haue patience she shall come anon.

Pat. Where are my teares raine to lay this winde, or my
heart wilbe blowne vp by my throte.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians.

Troy. No remedy?

Cres. A wefull *Cressid* amongst the merry Greekes,
When shall we see againe.

Troy. Here mee loue? be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true? how now? what wicked dome is this?

Troy. Nay we must vse exposition kindly,
For it is parting from vs.

I speake not be thou true as fearing thee.
For I will throw my gloue to death himselfe,
That there is no maculation in thy heart:
But bee thou true say I to fashion in,

My

of Troylus and Cressida.

My sequent protestation, beeth true, and I will for thee.

Cres. Oh you shalbe expos'd my Lord to dangers,
As infinite as imminent; but lile be true.

Troy. And lile grow friend with danger, were this scene.

Cres. And you this glove, when shall I see you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian virginella,
To give thee nightly vision, but yet be true.

Cres. Oh heavens be true againe!

Troy. Here why I speake it loue;

The Grecian youths are full of quality,

And swelling ore with arts and excercises

How nouelty may mone, and parts with portion,

Alas a kinde of Godly ieaousie,

(Which I beseech you cal a veruous sinne,)

Makes me a feard.

Cres. Oh heavens you loue me not!

Troy. Die I a villanouser,

In this I do not call your faith in question.

So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing

Nor heele the high lauel, nor sweeten talke;

Nor play at subtill games, faire vertues all:

To which the Grecians are most poore and pregnant.

But I can tell that in each grace of chace:

There lurkes a still, and dumb-discomfite diuell

That tempts most cunningly, but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you thinke I will?

Troy. No, but something may be done that we will not,
And sometimes we are diuella to our selues:

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers;

Presuming on their changefull potency.

Eneas within. Nay good my Lord?

Troy. Come kisse, and let vs part.

Paris within. Brother Troylus?

Troy. Good brother come you hither?

And bring *Eneas* and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My Lord will you be true?

Troy. Who I, alas it is my vice, my fault,

Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with

I with great truth catch mere simplicity,
Whilst some with cunning guild their copper crowne,
With truth and plainesse I do were mine bare:
Feare not my truth, the morrall of my wit,
Is plaine and true: ther's all the reach of it,
Welcome fir *Diamond*, here is the Lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliaer ybu,
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way possesse thee what she is
Entreate her faire, and by my soule faire Greeke,
If ere thou stand at mercy of my sword:
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shal be as safe,
As *Prism* is in Illion?

Diam. Faire Ladie *Cressid*,
So please you saue the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire visage, and to *Diamond*,
You shalbe mistres, and command him wholly.
Troy. Grecian thou do'tt not vse me curteously,
To shame the seale of my petition to thee:
In praising her, I tell thee Lord of Greeke,
She is farre high soaring ore thy praifer:
As thou vnworthy to be call'd her seruante,
I charge thee vse her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Phoebe*, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard,
Ile cut thy throat;

Diam. Oh be wise mou'd Prince *Troilus*,
Let me be princedg'd by my place and message:
To be a speaker free? when I am hence,
Ile answer to my lust, and know you Lord
Ile nothing do on charge, to her owne worth,
Shce shalbe priz'd: but that you say be't so,
I speake it in my spirit and honour so.

Troy. Come to the port Ile tel thee *Diamond*,
This braue shall oft make thee to hide thy head,
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne selues bend we our needfull talke,

Paris.

of *Troilus and Cressida*.

Par. Hark! Hark! trumpet

Enr. How have we spent this morning?
The Prince must think me ready and sensible,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. Tis *Troilus* false, come, some go field with him. *Exen.*

Enter Ajax, Drum, Achilles, Patroclus, Agam.

Aga. Here art thou in appointments fresh and faire,
Anticipating time, With starting courage,
Give with thy trumpet a loude note to Troy.
Thou dreadfull *Ajax* that the appauled aire,
May pearce the head of the great Combatant, and hale him
hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet; ther's my purse;
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brasen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheekes,
Out-swell the collick of puffed *Ajax*;
Come stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud:
Thou blowest for *Hector*;

Vliss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. Tis but early daies.

Aga. Is not yond *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter.

Vliss. Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He rises on the too: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressida*?

Diom. Even she.

Aga. Most deere welcome to the Greekes sweete Lady.

Nest. Our generall doth salute you with a kisse.

Vliss. Yet is the kindnesse but perticular, twere better thee
were kist in general. *(Nestor.)*

Nest. And very courtly counsell. Ile beginne: so much for

Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady.

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patro. But thats no argument for kissing now,
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted thus, you and your argument.

Ulys. Oh deadly gall and theme of all our scornes,
For which we looke our heads to gild his hornes.

Paris. The fust was t. *Ulys.* kisse this mine,

Patroclus kisses you.

Mene. Oh this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kisse euen more for him.

Mene. He haue my kisse fir? Lady by your leaue.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive.

Patr. Both take and giue.

Cres. Ile make my match to liue,

The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no kisse.

Mene. Ile giue you boote, ile giue you three for one.

Cres. You are an od man giue euen or giue none.

Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.

Cres. No *Paris* is nor, for you know tis true,
That you are odde and he is euen with you.

Mene. You fillip me a th head.

Cres. No ile besworne.

Ulys. It were no match, your nail: against his horne,
May I sweete Lady begge a kisse of you.

Cres. You may. *Ulys.* I do desire it.

Cres. Why begge then.

Ulys. Why then for *Paris* sake giue me a kisse,
When *Helen* is a maide againe and his

Cres. I am your debtor, claime it when tis due.

Ulys. Neuters my day, and then a kisse of you.

Dione. Lady a word, ile bring you to your father.

Nest. A woman of quick sence.

Ulys. Fir, fir vpon her,

Ther's language in her eye, her cheeke her lip,

Nay her foote speakes, her wanton spirit looke out

At euery ioynt and motiue of her body,

Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,

That giue a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide vnclasp the tables of their thoughts,

To euery ticklish reader, set them downe,

For shuttish spoiles of opportunity:

And daughters of the game.

Flourish enter all of Troy.
all.

of *Troilus and Cressida*.

All. The Trojans triumph.

Agam. Yonder comes the troupe.

Eno. Haile all the state of Greece: what shalbe done,
To him that victory commands, or doe you purpose,
A victor shalbe knowne, will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall they be diuided,
By any voice or order of the field, *Hector* bad aske?

Ag. Which way would *Hector* haue it?

Eno. He cares not, heele obey conditions,

Ag. Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done;
A little, proudly, and great deale misprising:

The knight oppos'd.

Eno. If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles* nothing.

Eno. Therefore *Achilles*, but what ere know this,
In the extremity of great and little:

Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector*
The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blanke as nothing, way him well

And that which lookes like pride is curtesie,

This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hectors* blood,

In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* staies at home,

Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector* comes to seek:

This blended knight halfe Trojan, and halfe Greeke.

Achil. A maiden battell then, Oh I perceiue you.

Ag. Here is sir *Dionides*? go gentle knight,

Stand by our *Ajax*, As you and Lord *Eno.*

Confer t vpon the order of their fight,

So be it, either to the vttermost,

Or els a breath, the combatants being kin,

Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.

Visser: what Trojan is that same that lookes so heauy?

Vis. The yongest sonne of *Priam*, a true knight,

Not yet mature, yet march'esse firme of word,

Speaking deeds, and deedlesse in his tongue,

Not soone prouok't nor being prouok't soone calm'd,

His heart and hand both open and both free.

For what he has he giues, what thinks he shewes,
Yet giues hee not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impate thought with breath;
Manly as *Hektor*, but more dangerous,
For *Hektor* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heate of action,
Is more vindicative then icalous loue.
They call him *Troylus*, and on him erect,
A second hope as fauely built as *Hektor*.
Thus saies *Aeneas* one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his yatches: and with private soule
Did in great Illion thus translate him to me: *Alarum.*

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now *Aiax* should thinne owne.

Troy. *Hektor* thou sleepest awakest hee.

Aga. His blowes are well dispos'd, there *Aiax* *Alarum.*
Diom. You must no more, *Alarum.*

Aeneas. Princes enough to please you.

Aiax. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.

Diom. As *Hektor* pleases.

Hektor. Why then will I no more,

Thou art great Lord my fathers sisters Sonne,
A couzen german to great *Priamus* seede,
The obligation of our blood forbids,
A gory emulation swint vs twaine:
Were thy ~~communications~~ *Greeke* and *Trojan* so,
That thou couldst say this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*, the finewes of this legge
All *Greeke*, and this all *Troy*: my mothers blood,
Runnes on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister
Bounds in my fathers. By ~~some~~ *multipotens*
Thou shouldst not beate from mee a *Greeke* from member,
Wherein my sword had not impression made.
But the iust Gods gainsay,
That any day thou borrowst it from thy mother,
My sacred Aunt, should by my morall sword,
Be drain'd: Let me embrace thee *Aiax*,
By him that thunders thou hast lusty times,

Hektor

of Troylus and Cressida.

Hektor would haue them fall vpon him thus
Cozen all honor to thee.

Aiax. I thanke thee *Hektor*,
Thou art so gentle, and too free a man,
I came to kill thee cozen, and beate hence,
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hekt. Not *Nepolyon* so mirable,
On whose bright crest, saue with his sword (O yes)
Cries, this is he, could promise to himselfe,
A thought of added honor, come from *Hektor*.

Eno. There is expectance heere from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hekt. Weele answer it,
The issue is embracement, *Aiax* farewell.

Aiax. If I might in entreaties finde success,
As feld I haue the chance, I would desire,
My famous cosin to our Grecian tentes.

Dum. Tis *Agamemnon* our wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see vnm'd the valiant *Hektor*.

Hekt. *Enoas* call my brother *Troylus* to me.

And signifie this louing enterview

To the expectors of our *Troyan* part,

Desire them home. Giue me thy hand my Cozen.

I will go eate with thee, and see your Knights.

Aiax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs heere.

Hekt. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:

But for *Achilles* my owne searching eyes,
Shall finde him by his large and postly fire.

Agam. Worthy all armes, as welcome as to one,
That would be rid of such an enemy.

From heart of very heart, great *Hektor* welcome.

Hekt. I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*,

Agam. My well-fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no lesse to you.

Mene. Let me confirme my princely brothers greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers welcome hether.

Hekt. Who must we answer?

Eno. The noble *Meneclaus*.

Hekt. O you my Lord by *Mir* his gamtier thanks,

(Mock not thy affect, the vntraded earth)
Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Pennus* glorie,
Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now sir, shee's a deadly theme.

Hell. O pardon, I offend.

Nest. I haue thou gallant Trojan scene thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruell way,
Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I haue scene thee
As hot as *Persus*, spurre thy Phrigian steed,
Despising many forsaits and subduments,
When thou hast hung th'advanced sword ith'ayre,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I haue said to some my standers by,
Loe Iupiter is yonder dealing life.
And I haue scene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue shrupd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrastring. This haue I scene,
But this thy countenance still locks in Steele,
I neuer saw till now: I knew thy grand-fire,
And once fought with him, he was a soldier good,
But by great *Mars* the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee: O let an old man embrace thee,
And worthy warrior welcome to our tents.

Enc. Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hell. Let me embrace thee good old Chronide,
That hast so long walkt hand in hand with time,
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.

Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention.
Hell. I would they could. (row.

Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'd fight with thee to mor-
Well, welcome, welcome, I haue scene the time.

Ulf. I wonder now how yonder City stands,
When we haue here her base and pillar by vs?

Hell. I know your fauour lord *Ulfes* well,
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw your seife and *Diomed*,
In Illion on your Greekish embassie.

Ulf. Sir I foretold you then what would ensue,

My

My prophesie is but halfe his journey yet;
 For yonder walls that partly frowne your towne,
 Yon towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
 Must kisse their owne feete.

Hell. I must not beleeue you.
 There they stand yet, and modestly I thinke;
 The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost,
 A drop of Greeke bloud: the end crownes all,
 And that old common arbitrator Time, will one day end it.

Vliss. So to him we leaue it.
 Most gentle and most valiant *Hektor*, welcome:
 After the Generall; I beseech you next
 To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forefall thee lord *Vliss* thou:
 Now *Hektor* I haue set mine eyes on thee, (by ioint.
 I haue with exact view perused thee *Hektor*, & quoted to ynt

Hell. Is this *Achilles*? *Achil.* I am *Achilles*.

Hell. Stand faire I pray thee, let me looke on thee,

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hell. Nay I haue done already.

Achil. Thou art too briefe, I will the second time,
 As I would bue thee, view thee lim by lim.

Hell. O like a booke of sport thou'lt read me o're:
 But ther's more in me then thou vnderstandst,
 Why dost thou so oppresse me with thine eye.

Achil. Tell me yon heauens, in which part of his body
 Shall I destroy him: whether there, or there, or there,
 That I may giue the locall wound a name,
 And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hektor's great spirit flew: answer me heauens.

Hell. It would discredit the blest gods proud man;
 To answer such a question: stand againe,
 Thinkst thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
 As to prenominate in nice coniecture,
 Where thou wilt hit me dead.

Achil. I tell thee yea.

Hell. Wert thou an Oracle to tell me so,
 I'd not beleeue thee. Hence-forth gaze thee well;

For

For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that stiched *Axars* his helme,
Ile kill thee euery where, yea ore and ore,
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,
But ile endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I neuer——

Axar. Do not chafe thee, coz.
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you too't,
You may haue euery day enough of *Hektor*,
If you haue stomack. The generall state I feare,
Can scarce entreate you to be odde with him.

Hekt. I pray you let vs see you in the field,
We haue had pelting warres since you refused, the Grecians
Achil. Dost thou entreate me *Hektor*? (cause.
To morow do I meet thee fell as death: to night all friends,
Hekt. Thy hand vpon that match.

Agam. First all you Peeres of Greece, go to my tent,
There in the full conuiue we: afterwards
As *Hektor*'s leisure, and your bounties shall
Concurre together, fearefully entreate him,
To taste your bounties, let the trumpets blowe,
That this great souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*.

Troy. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calcas* keepe.

Ulys. As *Meneleus* tent, most princely *Troilus*:
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
Who neither looks vpon the heauen nor earth,
But giues all gaze, and bent of amorous view,
On the faire *Cressida*.

Troyl. Shall I sweete Lord be bound so you so much,
After we part from *Agamemnon*'s tent,
To bring me thither.

Ulys. You shall command me fix,
But gentle tell me of what honor was
This *Cressida* in Troy? had she no louer there
That wailes her absence?

Troyl.

Tro. O fit to such as busting shew their skarres,
A mocke is due; will you walke on my Lord,
Shee was beloued my Lord, she is, and doth,
But still sweet loue is food for fortunes tooth.

Exeunt.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Ach. Ile heate his blood with greckish wine to night,
Which with my Cenitars ile cool to morrow,
Patroclus let vs feast him to the hight

Pat. Here comes *Thersites*.

Enter Thersites.

Ach. How now thou cur of enuy.
Thou enuy batch of nature whats the news?

Ths. Why thou picture of what thou seemest, and Idoll,
Of idiot worshippers, heers a letter for thee.

Ach. From whence fragment.

Ths. Why thou full dish of soole from Troy,

Pat. Who keeps the tent now.

Ths. The Surgeons box or the patients wound.

Pat. Well said aduersity, and what needs this tricks,

Ths. Prithee be silent box I profit not by thy talke,
Thou art said to be *Achilles* male varlot,

Pat. Male varlot you rogue whats that.

Ths. Why his masculine whore, now the rotten diseases
of the south, the guts griping ruptures: loades a grauell in
the back, lethargies, could palsies, rawe eies, dustrotted luers,
whiffing lungs, bladders full of impostume, Scuticæ lime,
kills ith' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the ripeled see sim-
ple of the tetter, take and take againe such preposterous
discoueries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou what meanes
thou to curse thus.

Ths. do I curse thee.

Pat. Why no you ruinous but, you horfow indistinguis-
able cur, no.

Ths. No why art thou then exasperate, thou idle imma-
terial skeine of sleine filke, thou greene sacenet flap for a sore
eye, thou toffell of a prodigalls purse thou ah how the poore
world is pestred with such water flies, diminutives of nature.

K

Tat.

Pat. Out gall: *Ther.* Finch eggs.

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus* I am thwarted quite,
From my great purpose into marrowes battell,
Here is a letter from *Queene Hecuba*.

A token from her daughter my false love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep oaths all;
An oath that I have sworne: I wil not breake it,
Fall Greekes, sayle fame, honour or gods stay,
My main vow lies here; this ile obey,
Come, come, *Ther* fire help to trim my tent.

This night in banquetting must al be spent, *why Patroclus!*

Ther. With to much blood, and to little braine, these two
may run mad, but if with to much braine and to little blood
they do ile be a curer of mad-men, her's *Agamemnon*, an ho-
nest fellow inough, and one that loves quales, but hee has
not so much braine as eare-wax, and the goodly transfor-
mation of *Jupiter* there, his be the Bull, the primitive flame,
and oblique memorial of cuck-olds, a thrifty shoeing-horne
in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is,
should wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte,
turne him to: to an Asse, were nothing hee is both Asse and
Oxe, to an Oxe were nothing, her's both Oxe and Asse, to be
a day, a Moyle, a Car, a Fiehook, a Tode, a Lezard, an Oule,
a Puttock, or a Herring without a rowe. I would not care,
but to bee *Meneclaw* I would conspire against destiny, aske
me what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*, for I care not to
be the Loufe of a Lazar, so I were not *Meneclaw*—hey-day
sprites and fires.

Enter Agam: Vliss, Nest: and Diomed with lightes,

Ag. We go wrong we goe wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder tis there where we see the lightes.

Hell. It trouble you. *Alex.* No not a whit.

Vliss. Here comes himselfe to guide you.

Achil. Welcome brave *Hellar*, welcome Princes all.

Ag. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid God night,
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hell. Thanks and good night to the Greekes generall.

Chorus. Good night my Lord.

Hell.

Hell. Good night sweet Lord *Meneclaw.*

Thor. Sweet draught, sweet quoth a sweet sinke, sweet sure.

Achil. Good night and welcome both to those that go or tarry. *Ag.* Good night. *Exeunt Agam. Meneclaw.*

Achil. Old *Nellor* taries, and you to *Diamond.*

Keepe *Hellor* company an houre or two.

Dia. I cannot Lord, I have important businesse,
The tide whereof is now, good night great *Hellor.*

Hell. Give me your hand.

Ulf. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calas* tent, ile keepe you company. *Troy.* Sweet fir you honor me?

Hell. And fir good night. *Exeunt.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. *Exeunt.*

Thor. That same *Diamond* false hearted rogue, a most yu-
ist knave, I will no more trust him when hee seeres, then I
will a serpent when hee hisse, hee will spend his mouth and
promise like brablers his hand, but when he performs, *As-*
tromomers foretelle, in his pastime, there will come some
change, the Sonne borrowed of the Moone when *Diamond*
keepe his word, I will rather leane to see *Hellor* then not
to dog him, they say hee keepe a *Trojan* drab, and vses the
traytor *Calas* tent, Heastes nothing but litchery all in-
continent varlots. *Ester Diamond.*

Dia. What are you vp here no? speake? *Chal.* Who calls?

Dia. *Diamond*, *Chal.* I thinke wher's your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Ulf. Stand, where the torch may not discouer vs.

Troy. *Cressid* comes forth to him. *Enter Cressid.*

Dia. How slow my charge.

Cres. Now my sweet gardian, make a word with you.

Troy. Yea so familiar?

Ulf. Shere will sing any man at first sight.

Thor. And any man may sing her, if hee can take her *Cliff*
she's noted. *Dia.* Will you remember?

Cal. Remember yes.

(your words.)

Dia. Nay but do then and let your minde be coupled with

Troy. What shall she remember.

Ulf. Little

Cres. Sweet hony *Geethe* tempt me no more so folly.

Ther: Roguery. *Dis:* Naythen.
Cres: Ile tell you what.
Dis: Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are forsworne.
Cres: In faith I cannot, what would you haue me do?
Ther: A iugling tricke to be secretly open.
Dis: What did you sweare you would bestow on me?
Cres: I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
 Bid me do any thing but that sweete Greeke,
Dis: Good night.
Troy: Hold patience.
Phis: How now Troyan. *Cres:* Diomed.
Dis: No, no, good night Ile be your fool no more.
Troy: Thy better must.
Cres: Harke a word in your care.
Troy: O plague and madnesse!
Ulis: You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray
 Least your displeasure shuld enlarge it selfe
 To wrathfull tearmes, this place is dangerous
 The time right deadly, I beseech you goe.
Troy: Behold I pray you.
Phis: Now good my Lord go off,
 You shew to great distruction, come my Lord.
Troy: I prethee stay.
Phis: You haue not patience, come.
Troy: I pray you stay; by hell, and all helles torment
 I will not speake a word.
Dis: And so good night.
Cres: Nay but you part in anger.
Troy: Doth that grieve thee, O withered truch.
Phis: How now my Lord?
Troy: By Ioue I will be patient.
Cres: Gardian why growke? *Dis:* Fo so you palser.
Cres: In faith I doe not, come hether once againe.
Ulis: You shake my Lord at something, wil you goe. you
 wil break out.
Troy: She strookes his cheek. *Phis:* Come, come.
Troy: Nay stay, by Ioue I will not speake a word.
 There is betwene my will and all offences

a guard

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A guard of patience, stay a little while.

Ther: How the diuell *Luxury* with his fat rump and potato finger, tickles together, fyre lechery fyre.

Dio: Will you then?

Cres: In faith I will so, never trust me else.

Dio: Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres: Ile fetch you one.

Exit.

Pls: You haue sworne patience:

Troy: Feareme not my Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele, I am all patience:

Enter Cres.

Ther: Now the pledge, now, now, now.

Cres: Heere *Diamond* keepe this sleue.

Troy: O beauty where is thy faith!

Pls: My Lord.

Troy: You looke vpon that sleue behold it well,
Hee loue d me (oh false wench) giu't me againe:

Dio: Whose wast?

Cres: It is no matter now I ha't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night:

I prethee *Diamond* visite me no more.

Ther: Now shee sharpenes, well said *Whetstone*.

Dio: I shall haue it,

Cres: What this?

Dio: I that.

Cres: O all you gods; O pretty pretty pledge!

Thy maister now lyes thinking on his bed
Of thee and mee, and sighes, and takes my gloue,
And giues memoriall dainty kisses to it, as I kisse thee.

Dio: Nay do not snatch it from me.

Cres: He that takes that doth take my heart withall.

Dio: I had your heart before, this followes it.

Troy: I did sweare patience.

You shall not haue it *Diamond*, faith you shall not,
Ile giue you something else.

Dio: I will haue this, whose was it?

Cres: It is no matter.

Dio: Come tell me whose it was?

Cres: Twas on's that Iou'd me better then you will,

But now you haue it take it.

Die: Whose was it? *Die:* I haue told you.

Cres: And by all *Diames* saying I haue told you
And by her selfe I will not tell you whose.

Die: To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy: VVhat thou the diuell, and was it on thy horne,
It should be challenged.

Cres: VVell, well, tis done, tis past and yet it is not,
I will not keepe my word.

Die: VVhy then farewell, thou neuer shalt mocke *Diames*
again.

Cres: You shall not goe: oris cannot speake a word but it
straight starts you.

Die: I doe not like this fooling.

Ther: Nor I by *Phae;* but that that likes not you, pleases
me best.

Die: VVhat shall I come the houre—

Cres: I come; O *Isario* come, I shall be plagued.

Die: Farewell till then.

Cres: Good night, I pray thee come.

Troylus farewell, one eye yet looks on thee,

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah poore cur sex, this fault in vs I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind.

VVhat error leads misteere? O then conclude,

Mindes swayd by eyes are full of ruspide.

Ther: A proofe of strength, she could not publish more,

VVhile she said my mind is now turn'd where.

Vlfi: All's done my Lord. *Troy:* It is.

Vlfi: VVhy stay we then?

Troy: To make a recordation to my soule

Of every syllable that here was spoken.

But if I tell how these two did Court,

Shall I not lye in publishing a truth,

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart.

An expectance so obstinately strong,

That doth int're the street of eyes and eares,

As

of *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

As if those organs were descriptions functions,
Created onely to caluminate. Was *Cressida* heere?

Uly. I cannot conuince *Troyan*.

Troy. Shee was not sure.

Uly. Most sure she was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madness.

Uly. Nor mine my Lord: *Cressida* was heere but now.

Troy. Let it not be beleu'd for woman-hood.

Thinke we had mothers, do not giue advantage

To stubborn Critiques apt without a theme

For depuration, to square the generall sea.

By *Cressida* rules: Rather thinke it his not *Cressida*.

Uly. What hath she done Prince that it spoile our mothers?

Troy. Nothing at all, vntill shee was heere.

Uly. Will a swigger himselfe out on's owne eyes?

Troy. This shee doth to *Diana* *Cressida*.

If beauty haue a soule this is not shee:

If soules guide vpon life were be sanctimonies,

If sanctimony be the gods delight,

If there be rule in vniuersitie,

This was not shee: O madnesse of discourse,

That can set vp with and against it selfe,

By-sould authority: where reason can reuile

Without perdition and losse of all reason,

Without reuolt. This is and is not *Cressida*.

Within my soule there doth conuince a fight:

Of this strange nature there's thing infinite,

Diuides more wide then the skie and earth:

And yet the spacious breadth of this confusion,

Admits no orifice for a point as subtle,

As *Ariachne's* broken woofe to eare,

Instance, O instance strong as *Phaon's* gates,

Cressida is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;

Instance, O instance strong as *homon's* iustice,

The bonds of heauen are thus dissolued and loosed,

And with another knot thus finger tied,

The fictions of her faith, her of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits and greazie reliques.

OF

Of her ore-eaten faith, are given to *Diamond*,
Vlis. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which here his passion doth expresse?
I roy. I Greeke, and that shall be divulged well
In Characters as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus* neuer did young man fancy
With so eternall and so fixt a soule.
Marke Greeke, as much I do *Cressid* loue,
So much by waight, hate I her *Diamond*:
That fleecue is mine, that heele beare on his Helmes
VVere it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill
My sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout
VVhich Shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in Masse by the almighty sunne
Shal dizzy with more clamour *Neptunes* care, in his descent,
Then shall my prompted sword, falling on *Diamond*.

Thior: Heele ticle it for his concupie.

Troy: O *Cressid*, O false *Cressid*, false, false, false!
Let all vntruthes stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.

Vlis: O containe your selfe;

Your passion drawes cares hether.

Enter Eneas.

Aene: I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:

Hektor by this is arming him in Troy:

Alex your guard stayes to conduct you home.

Troy: Haue with you Prince my courteous Lord adieu,

Farewell reuoluted faire: and *Diamond*

Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head,

Vlis. Ile bring you to the gates.

Troy. Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt Troyl, Eneas and Vlis.

Ther. VVould I could meete that rogue *Diamond* I would
croke like a Raven, I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus*
will giue me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the
Parrot will not do more for an almond then he for a commo-
dious drab: Lechery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing
else holds fashion. A burning diuell take them.

Exit.

Enter

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Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord so much vngently temperd,
To stop his eares against admonishment:
Vnarme, vnarme, and do not fight to day.

Hect. You traine me to offend you, get you in,
By all the enierlasting gods Ile go.

And. My dreames will sure prooue ominous to the day.

Hect. No more I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here sister, arm'd and bloody in intent,
Confort with me in lowd and deepe petition,
Pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt
Of bloudy turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shapes and formes of slaughter.

Cas. O tis true,

Hect. Ho? bid my trumpet sound.

Cres. No notes of fallie for the heauens sweete brother.

Hect. Begon I say, the gods haue heard me sweare,

Cas. The gods are deafe to horre and pecuniu vowes,
They are polluted offerings more abhord,
Then spotted liuers in the sacrifice.

And. O be perswaded, do not count it holy,
It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,
But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:
Vnarme sweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still I say,

Mine honor keepes the weather of my fate:
Life euery man holds deepe but the deepe man,
Holds honor farre more precious deepe then life,

Enter Troilus.

How now yong man, meanest thou to fight to day.

And. *Cassandra* call my father to perswade. *Exit Cass.*

Hect. No faith yong *Troilus*, doste thy harness youth,
I am to day ith' vaine of chivalrie,
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vnarme thee go, and doubt thou not braue boy,

L

Ile

He stand to day for thee and me and Troy.

Troyl. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a Lion then a man.

Hektor. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide mee
for it.

Troyl. When many times the captiue Grecian falls,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire sword,
You bid them rise and liue.

Hekt. O tis faire play.

Troyl. Fooles play by heauen *Hektor*.

Hekt. How now? how now?

Troyl. Forth lope of all the gods
Lets leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mother,
And when we haue our armors buckled on,
The venomd vengeance ride vpon our swords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, raine them from ruth.

Hekt. Fie sauage, fie.

Troyl. *Hektor* then 'tis warres.

Hekt. *Troilus* I would not haue you fight to day.

Troyl. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie truncheon my setire,
Not *Priamus* and *Hecluba* on knees,
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares,
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne,
Opposd to hinder me, should stop my way.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cass. Lay hold vpon him, *Priam* hold him fast,
He is thy crutch: now if thou loose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hektor*, come, go back,
Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee, and I my selfe,
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapte,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:

There

Therefore come back.

Hec. *Æneas* is a field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,
Even in the faith of valour to appeare,
This morning to them.

Priam. I but thou shalt not goe.

Hec. I must not breake my faith,
You know me durifull therefore deere sir,
Let me not shame myselfe but giue me leaue
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me royall *Priam.*

Cas. O *Priam* yeeld not to him.

And. Do not deere father.

Hec. *Andromache* I am offended with you,
Vpon the loue you beare me get you in. *Exit Androm.*

Troy. This foolish dreaming superstitious gillie,
Makes all these bootlesse.

Cas. O farewell deere *Hector.*

Looke how thou dy'st looke how thy eye turnes pale,
Looke how thy wounds do bleed at many ventes,
Harke how *Troy* roares, how *Heleus* cries out,
How poore *Andromache* shrills her dolours forth,
Behold destruction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like wildeesse in iques one another meete,
And all cry *Hector, Hector* dead, O *Hector.*

Troy. Away, away.

Cas. Farewell, yet lofe: *Hector* I take my leaue,
Thou do'st thy selfe and all our *Troy* decaie?

Hec. You are amaz'd my liege, at her exclaime,
Goe in and cheere the towne,
Weele forth and fight,

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell, the gods with safetie stand about thee.

Androm.

Troy. They are at it harke proud *Dionides* beleaue,
I come to loose my arme or winne my flaccue,

Enter Pandar.

L 2

Pandar.

Paed. Do you heere my tale, do you heere.

Troyl. What now?

Paed. Heer's a letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me read.

Paed. A whorson tick, a whorson rascally tick, so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one ath's dayes: and I have a rheume in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones, that vnlesse a man were curst I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes she there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter for the heart, Th' effect doth operate another way.

Go winde to winde, there turne and change together:

My loue with words and errors still she feedes,

But edifies another with her deedes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therfias: circumfusus.

Therf. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: He go looke on, that dissembling abominable vaile *Dionides*, has got that same scorne dooting foolish knaves fleete of Troy there in his helme. I would faine see them meete, that that same young Trojan asse that loues the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villaine with the fleete, back to the dissembling limbeck drabbe of a fleetelesse arrant. Ath' tother side, the pollicie of those craftie swearing raskalls; that stale old Moule-eaten drye cheese *Nestor*: and that same dogge-foxe *Ulysses*, is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They set mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curte *Achilles*, against that dogge of as bad a kinde *Achilles*. And now is the curte *Achilles*, prouder then the curte *Achilles*, and will not sticke to day. Where vpon the Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes *Heene* & tother.

Troy. Flye not, for shouldst thou take the finer Sex, I would swim after.

Dionides. Thou dost miscall retire,
I doe not flee, but advantageous care,
Which drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

Troy. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Trojan,
Now

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Now the fleece, now the fleece.

Enter Hector.

Hec. What art Greeke, art thou for *Hectors* match,
Art thou of blood and honour.

Ther. No, no; I am a rascal, a cursey rayling knave, a very
filthy rogue.

Hec. I do believe thee, liar.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me, but a plague
breake thy necke:—for fighting me: whats become of the
wenching rogues? I thinke they haue swallowed one ano-
ther. I would laugh at that miracle—yet in a fort lechery
eates it selfe, ile seeke them. *Exit.*

Enter Diomed and Sernant.

Di. Goe, go, my seruant, take thou *Troylus* horse,
Present the faire steed to my Lady *Cressid*,
Fellow commend my seruice to her beauty:
Tell her I haue chastis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her knight by woofe: *Enter Agamem.*

Ag. I goe my Lord.

Ag. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*,
Hath beate downe *Meneas*: bastard *Murgadon*,
Hath *Dorron* prisoner.

And stands *Colossus* wife wauing his beame,
Vpon the pashed bodies of the Kings:

Epistropus and *Cadur*, *Polluxes* is slaine,

Andrimacus and *Thous* deadly hurt,

Parriclus tane or slaine, and *Palamedes*

Sore hurt and bruis'd, the dreadful *Sagitary*,

Appalls our numbers, hast we *Diomed*

To re-enforcement or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go beare *Patriclus* body to *Achilles*,

And bid the snail-pac't *Achilles* come for shame,

There is our thousand *Hectors* in the field:

Now here he fights our *Galahad* his horse,

And there lacks worke, anon he's there a foote

And there they sit or die, like scaling sculls,

Before the belching Whale, then is he yonderr

And there the strawy Greekes tye for his edge
Fall downe before him like a mowers swath,
Here, there and euery where, he leaues and takes,
Dext'ry so obaying appetite,
That what he will he do's, and do's so much:
That prooue is call'd impossibility. *Enter Vliss.*

Vliss. Oh courage, courage. Princes, great *Achilles*,
Is aming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance,
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzy bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*
That noselesse, handlelesse, hackt and chipt come to him.
Crying on *Hector*, *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and hee is arunde and at it:
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to day,
Madde and fantastique execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himselte
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that lust in very spi^{rit} of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*. *Exit.*

Dio. I there, there?

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Exit.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou boy-queller shew thy face,
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry
Hector wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*

Enter Ajax. *Troilus* thou coward *Troilus* shew thy head.

Enter Diom. *Troilus* I say wher's *Troilus*?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Diom. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the generall thou shouldst haue my office,
Ere that correction? *Troilus* I say what *Troilus*.

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Oh traytor *Diomed*, turne thy false face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha art thou there?

Ajax Ile fight with him alone stand *Diomed*.

Diom.

of *Troilus and Cressida*.

Diom. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

Troy. Come both you cogging Greekes haue at you both.

Hell. Yea *Troilus*, O well fought my yongest brother.

Enter Achil: Now do I see thee ha, haue at thee *Heller*.

Hell. Pause if thou wilt.

Achil. I doe disdain thy curiesle proud *Trojan*,

Be happy that my armies are out of vses

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt here of me againe:

Till when goe seek thy fortune.

Exit.

Hell. Fate thee well.

I would haue beene much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee, how now my brother.

Enter Troyl:

Troy. *Alex* hath tang *Evans* shall it be,

No by the flame of yonder glorious heauen

He shall not carry him ile betwixt,

Or bring him off, fate here me what I say.

I wreake not though I and my life to day.

Exit.

Enter one in armour.

Hell. Stand, stand thou Greeke, thou art a goodly marke,

No? wilt thou not. I like thy armor well,

Ile frush it and yu ock the rivets all

But ile be maister of it, wilt thou not beate abide,

Why then flie on, ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*,

Marke what I say, attend me where I wheeler

Strike not a stroke, but keepe your selues in breth,

And when I haue the bloody *Heller* found

Empale him with your weapons found about,

In fellest manner execut your aimes

Follow me firs and my proceedings eye,

It is decreed *Heller* the great must die.

Exit.

Enter Tkerfi; Mene; Paris:

Ther. The cuck-old and the cock-old-maker are at it,
now bull, now doggelowe, *Paris* lowe, (now my double
hen'd spartan, lowe *Paris*, lowe the bull has the game, ware
hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter

Enter Bastard

Bast. Turne slane and fight.

Their. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard sonne of Priens.

Therf: I am a bastard too, I loue bastards. I am bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in minde, bastard in va our, in every thing illigitimate, one beare wil not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? take heed, the quarrells most ominous to vs, if the sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement, farewell bastard.

Bast. The diuell take thee coward,

Exit.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so faine without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life;
Now is my daies worke done ile take my brethe
Rest sword thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and Myrmydon.

Achil: Loke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to set,
How ougly night comes breasting at his beeles
Euen with the vaile and darkning of the Sunne,
To close the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd forgot this vantage Greke.

Achil. Strike fellows sinke, this is the man I seeke,
So Illion fall thou next, come Troy sinke downe,
Here lles thy heart, thy sinnewes and thy bone.
On *Myrmydon*, and cry you all ariaine.

Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slaine, *Retreat:*
Harke a retire vpon our Grecian prat.

One: The Trojan trumpet sound the like my Lord.

Achil: The dragon wing of night overspreds the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.
My halfe sapt sword that frankly would haue fedde,
Pleas'd with this dainty baite: thus goes to bed:
Cometie his body to my hesses taile,
Along the field I will the Trojan traile. *Exeunt:*

Enter Agam: Ajax, Menes Nestor, Diome:

and the rest marching.

Ag. Hark, hark, what is this?

Nest:

45

Nest. Peace drums.
Sould: within. *Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slaine Achilles,*
Dio. The brute is *Hector's* slaine and by *Achilles,*
Ajax. If it be so yet braglesse let it bee,
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.
Aga. March patiently along: let one bee sent,
To pray *Achilles* see vs at our tent:
If in his death the Gods haue vs befriended.
Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor, Diophobus.

Aeneas. Stand ho? yet are we masters of the field,

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Neuer goe home, here starue we out the night,
Hector is slaine.

All. *Hector*! the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead and at the murderers horses taile,
In bestly sort dragd through the shamefull field:
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speed,
Sit gods vpon your thrones, and smile at *Troy*.
I say at once, let your breefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.

Aeneas. My Lord you doe discomfort all the host.

Troy. You vnderstand me not that tell me so,
I do not speake of flight, of feare of death
But dare all immynence that gods and men
Addresse their daungers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who shall tel *Priamus* so or *Heubas*?
Let him that will a scrich-owle aye be call'd,
Goe into *Troy* and say their *Hectors* dead.
There is a word will *Priamus* turne to stone,
Make wells and *Niebs* of the maides and wiues:
Could statues of the youth and in a word,
Scarce *Troy* out of it selfe, there is no more to say,
Stay yet you proud abhominable tents:
Thus proudly pitcht vpon our *Phrigian* plaines,
Let *Tytus* rise as carely as he dare;
He through, and through you, and thou great siz'd coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:

M.

Ille

He haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins i swift as flienzes thoughts,
Strike a free march, to Troy with comfort goe
Hope of reueng shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But here you, here you.

Troy. Hence broker, lacky, ignominy, shame,
Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

Exeunt all but Pandarus.

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aking bones, ' Oh world,
world --- thus is the poore agent despis'd, Oh traitors and
bawds, how earnestly are you set a worke, and how ill re-
quired, why should our endeuour bee so lou'd and the per-
formance so loathed, what verse for it? What instance for it?
Let me see,

Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his hony and his sting.

And being once subdude in armed taile,

Sweet hony, and sweet notes together faile.

Good traiders in the flesh, set this in your painted clothes,

As many as be here of *Pandarus* fall,

Your eyes halfe out weepe out at *Pandarus* fall.

Or if you cannot weepe yet giue some grones,

Though not for me yet for my aking bones:

Brethren and sisters of the hold-ore trade,

Some two monthes hence my will shall here be made,

It should be now, but that my feare is this,

Some gauled goose of Winchester would hiss.

Till then ile swear and seeke about for eases,

And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

FINIS.

NT

